1852.

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J. J. BIXBIES, M.D., F.R.S.
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Sudbury, Jan. 24, 1851.
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Cherry Pectoral."
WILLIAM W. SMITH.
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JAMES C. AYER,
tical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
D. Sands, Fulton and William-
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THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

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EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The editors of this journal are LEONARD BACON, and JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. The immediate Editorial supervision is committed to Mr. Thompson.

The Editors will be aided, also, in their consultations by the Rev. R. S. STORRS, Jun.; who will continue to contribute to the literary and other departments of the paper, over his own signature, (S.)

The Assistant Editor is Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT.

Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., (C.) and Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, (✱) are enlisted as stated contributors.

For the Independent.

DEATH FOLLOWED BY ETERNAL LIFE.

"Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know."

Living, as we do, in a world of sin, of sorrow, and of death, it is cheering to reflect that there remaineth a rest for the people of God. Without this sustaining hope we could not well endure the trials of life, but with it they can be patiently borne. death itself can be met without fear, and the soul long to depart and be with Christ, deeming it far better than to live. And yet we know but imperfectly what heaven is. God in his wisdom has concealed it in a great measure from our view, disclosing only enough to awaken our desires and hopes, to cheer our sorrows, and to animate us in making preparation for it.

If the thoughts of a devout and intelligent Christian in meditation on the future life were to be clothed in words, they would run somewhat thus:

There are intimations in Scripture that heaven has locality—is a place. The Savior once said to his disciples: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also." Moreover, Christ has a body, and so have Enoch and Elijah, and so will all the saints have, after the resurrection, and these bodies must occupy space, and have a local residence.

However this may be, it is certain that those who obtain eternal life will be delivered from all the evils incident to their present material bodies. The possession of such a body, it is true, is not in itself an evil, nor the necessary occasion of sin. Adam, when first created, had a body *essentially like mine, and at the same time* was perfectly holy and happy. God himself was manifest in the flesh, and that without sin. It appears, too, that the soul, though received at death into heaven, does not attain its highest glory until it re-enters the body it once inhabited. But since man has fallen, his body is encompassed with a multitude of evils. Life-time is necessarily devoted, in no small measure, to clothing and feeding it, giving rest to its weariness, repressing its passions, guarding it from accidents, nursing it in its weakness, infirmities and decline, and all these ills are terminated by the agonies of its dissolution.

But none of these things will follow the glorified soul to heaven. When my eyes close in death they will never more behold anything that offends; when this heart ceases to beat, it will never again be agitated with sorrow or with evil passions: nor this body, in any of its members, be racked with pain. I cannot perceive precisely how the bodies of the saints will be reconstructed, or what faculties they will possess, but it is certain that all traces and effects of sin will be removed from them, and that they will be like unto Christ's glorious body. The mind, oppressed here by the frame-work surrounding it, will there be elastic and free. Shattered reason will be restored to healthful activity. Eyes long sealed in blindness, will open upon the glories of the universe. The ear of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. The redeemed of the Lord shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Surely, it will be a great deliverance to be made free from all the evils of this life. But the Bible, if I read it aright, speaks of heaven as conferring upon its inhabitants also something more positive, a still higher glory and blessedness. The minds of glorified saints will doubtless be greatly enlarged, and their knowledge vastly increased. One of the greatest of philosophers confessed himself to be but a child in knowledge, and another, equally honored for his wisdom, declared that "what we know is finite, what we do not know is infinite." But in the life to come, the intellects of the righteous will increase in vigor, their views will become more accurate, and their knowledge more extensive. God will explain to them the mysteries of nature, of providence, and of redemption. He will reveal himself to them, and this will be the most wonderful and delightful part of their knowledge. Him they will never find out unto perfection, but will continually discover in his nature and his attributes something ever new, something to admire, to adore, to rejoice in through all eternity. Let the infidel* envy the dog beneath his table, and wish himself were a brute, that so he might not be immortal and responsible: but I will rejoice that God has given me a mind which can study Him and his works, and can glorify and enjoy Him forever.

Moreover, heaven is a holy place. And God be praised that it is so! If permitted to enter it I shall then be delivered from this body of death. I shall no longer have occasion to mourn over those sins which now tarnish my best duties, which mar my peace and grieve the Spirit from my heart. I shall no longer be insensible to God's mercies, or distrustful of his promises, or disobedient to his commands. Well did an old divine say: "As the Lord Jesus, when he had called Lazarus from the grave, had compassion and could not see him wrapped in his grave-clothes, but commanded saying, 'Loose him and let him go,' so He, when He hath called us from the grave of our sins and from the literal grave at the last, not suffering us to drag about us the relics of sin and corruption, will say to his angels: 'Loose them and let them go; let them go to the eternal mansions; robe them in garments of holiness, and let them be forever with the Lord.'"

* Doddridge records a confession of the noted Col. Gardiner, that, while surrounded by his boon companions, and engaged in ridiculing the Bible and blaspheming God, and while toasted by his friends as the happiest man living, he was often perfectly wretched, and, in his forebodings of eternity, envied the condition of the dog sleeping under his table.

How cheering the thought that on entering heaven I shall never sin again, nor be disturbed with the fear of sinning! All my thoughts, emotions, and desires, will be continually, spontaneously holy. I shall behold my Redeemer's face in righteousness, and awake satisfied with his likeness.

But there will be others to share with me in this glory and joy. Heaven is often set forth in scripture as a social state, as a family, a general assembly, a kingdom, a feast, &c. There are passages, too, which appear to teach that kindred and friends, being kindred also in Christ, will meet and recognize each other in glory, and that their joy will be greatly enhanced by being shared together, and by their reviewing with one another all the way in which the Lord has led them. The imperfections of good men, and the follies and vices of the bad, and the manifold sorrows of life which now mar the happiness of society, will there be unknown. The wicked will cease from troubling, and the redeemed will be perfect and immortal, and fitted in every way to be helpers together of each other's joy.

The society of heaven will be composed of persons from all ages and all parts of the world. Righteous men who lived under the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian dispensations, will then meet together and speak of the wonderful works of God. They will come from the north and the south, from the land and the sea, and be welcomed into the heavenly mansions, one in Christ Jesus, and form an harmonious and blissful society. Oh! the glorious estate of the redeemed. I wonder not that good men have at all times been transported with this view of heaven. Baxter, filled with unwonted fervor by his theme, exclaims: "We shall join with Moses in his song, with David in his psalms of praise, and with all the redeemed in the song of the Lamb forever. We shall see Enoch walking with God, Noah enjoying the end of his singularity, Job of his patience, and all the saints the end of their faith." Another heavenly-minded man writes as though he were gazing full upon the bright throng: "The Philippian jailor is there; and there is the Ethiopian treasurer. David has not laid aside his harp, and there is still a field for Isaac to meditate. Solomon has still the eagle eye which searches nature's nooks, and scans the infinitude of things; and Moses retains that meek aspect to which no future was anxious, and no spot suspicious, for every place and every future was filled by a covenant God."

And Bunyan surpasses himself, saying: "Now just as the gates were opened, I looked in and behold, the city shone like the sun: the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

But what are saints and angels without the Savior? The world without its sun. "The Lamb is the light thereof." All eyes are fixed on his radiant form; all hearts burn to adore him; all lips speak his praise. Oh! who can adequately express their holy transport as they stand in the actual presence of Him whom they had hitherto known only as they had read of him, or beheld in his works, or seen by an unsteady faith; the Being who had died for them, and risen from the dead in their behalf, and sent his Spirit to renew and sanctify their hearts; who had borne with and forgiven their waywardness and follies; who sustained them in all the trials of their earthly pilgrimage, and brought them safe to heaven! As they gaze upon his glorified body still bearing the marks of the cross, and as he unfolds to them more and more of the plan of redemption, what wonder that heaven echoes with their song: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever!"

They praise God; and oh! what ascriptions they render him. They do not sit down, as mere passive recipients of joy—spiritual voluptuaries—but they "serve Him, day and night, in his temple." They are employed in studying his works of nature, of providence, and of grace; they fly abroad on errands of mercy, striking their harps and filling the air with their rapturous songs. Wonderful, wonderful! They "*serve* Him" continually, and yet "they *rest* from their labors!" But this is all one, for God by these different ways would reveal to every aptitude, and every grade of human understanding, the various and blissful employments of the redeemed in heaven.

And all that constitutes the happiness of the future world is eternal. It is an "enduring substance," "a continuing city," "eternal life." This is the crowning consideration. This makes heaven perfect, and makes it meet every desire, and hope, and aspiration of my heart. Thanks be to God that the inheritance of the saints is incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading. ETERNAL, is inscribed on their bodies, their minds, their residence, their employments, their society, and on everything which contributes to their happiness. In God's presence, there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures forevermore.

Such, or something like to these, we suppose, would be the musings of a thoughtful Christian on the future life. And is it not a LIFE indeed, that follows his death! Who will not be thankful that God has prepared such a rest for his people; that while we are surrounded by mementoes of death, and bear about its seeds in our own bodies, God has provided for us eternal life! Oh, what a reversion to creatures so unworthy!

Let us occupy our thoughts more habitually with the concerns of another world. To do so will not mar our happiness, nor, as some seem to fear, hasten the approach of death. It will serve to bring heaven nearer to our conceptions, and make it appear to be, what is truly is, a blessed reality. Living thus, close upon its borders, we shall be less engrossed with the vanities of this world, shall imbibe more of the spirit of heaven, and be indulged with many a glimpse of its glories, and many a foretaste of its joys.

We mourn, it may be, the loss of Christian friends. But one glance into heaven shows them to us there, not dead, but living, and inexpressibly happy. There they are, safely across the dreaded river, welcomed by sainted friends, dwelling in the mansions which Christ had prepared, and in the very presence of God and the Lamb. They hunger no more, neither thirst any more; the sun does not light on them, nor any heat. God himself wipes away all tears from their eyes.

We sometimes think of our own death with apprehension and dread. But on looking across the dark valley to the glories beyond, we almost forget the grave, or think of it only to smile at its terrors. We see that God never designed to keep his children here forever; that he has something far better in store for them on high; that while there is much upon the earth that is desirable and goodly to behold, so long as he appoints our stay here, yet our real good, our highest glory and happiness, is in the life to come. There, there is the great consummation! There sin is no more, death is no more. They are swallowed up of eternal life. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Let us be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

A. D. G.

For the Independent.

HARDLY FAIR.

GENTLEMEN:—Your correspondent from Hartford, of March 3d, in giving an account of the interesting revival in that place, seems to step out of his way to show a grudge against Old Fairfield West, because of the part they have taken in the Bushnell controversy. His spite is shown particularly towards the worthy pastor of the Second church in Bridgeport, as he is the only minister of Fairfield West who resides at B. In speaking of the hindrances to a revival in Hartford, he mentions the Bushnell controversy as prominent. "Theological warfare," says he, "always flourishes in a dry season; and as nothing better existed to occupy public attention, a great zeal was fostered for orthodoxy. This thought was forcibly impressed on my mind the other day, when a gentleman from Bridgeport stated that there had not been a revival there for about twenty years. I thought I could understand why so much earnestness had been exhibited in that quarter in behalf of mere doctrinal soundness." Now, that gentleman from Bridgeport may have been absent some part of the time in the last twenty years, or his memory may have been treacherous. If I am not very much mistaken I have heard Dr. Hewit give a very interesting narrative of a revival among his people in Bridgeport within the last six or eight years; and my impression is, that he stated that there were eighty or a hundred hopeful conversions. I remember distinctly about his inquiry-meetings. He publicly invited all who desired religious conversation with the pastor, to meet him at his own house at any time during the day that would be most convenient to themselves. Very many accepted the invitation. On referring to the minutes of the General Association of Connecticut for 1844, I see that forty-eight persons were added to his church during the previous year, and thirty-five of them on profession. By looking over the minutes for the past nine years, I find from eleven to forty-eight added every year, and a good share of them on profession. I apprehend my neighbor "TENNENT" had taken the trouble to consult the documents on the subject, he would have looked more at his own eye, and less at his neighbor's; and as to the orthodox Association of Fairfield West, I apprehend that it would not shrink from drawing a comparison with most other Associations, in regard to revivals. To my knowledge there have been as many as thirty revivals within her bounds within the last ten years, and among the rest two in *old Fairfield*, and two in the *First church in Norwalk*, these two fountains of orthodoxy. Now I would humbly ask, whether a contending for the faith, which was once delivered to the saints, (judging from recent facts,) is calculated to offend the Head of the Church, or quench the spirit of a revival? Fairfield West has nothing to boast of, and I trust is not disposed to boast; but one of her members, who likes to see fair play, has thought best to submit this brief statement of facts.

Yours, truly, E. D. K.

For the Independent.

DREAMERS AND WORKERS.

In this world there are two classes of men. One class is ever complaining of the existing condition of things, wondering why this or that state of affairs had not been made conformably to their tastes and feelings. Men of this class are fond of devising imaginary schemes for the imaginary relief of imaginary beings, and of persuading themselves and endeavoring to persuade others, that their splendid efforts in the cause of humanity would render them immortal, if men and circumstances could be slightly changed. Yet, after all, they really accomplish very little, though they theorize very much, and seldom work because they so often dream.

There is another class of men who take a practical view of the world and of life, who see things just as they are. To the eye, even of the least observing of them, there are ten thousand odious features in the constitution of this working-day world; but being in it, they wisely conclude they are not placed here to do nothing, but that this life of ours has a deep and solemn meaning in it. It is a problem to be worked out by every one, though few are able to choose their own method and their own place; and the problem is to be worked at now, just where they are, in real life among real men; and instead of theorizing about what never has been, and dreaming of what never can be, they are willing to go to work in the midst of actual, present things.

Now, of these two classes the world can spare none of the latter; of the former it might spare many. For it is the working men of this day and generation who are leaving their stamp upon it. Speculative men have their place, but all thought is valuable just so far as it is reproduced in right and vigorous action. Beccaria's speculations upon penal legislation are valuable, but of infinitely greater value are the works of mercy, governing the whole life-time of a Howard, whose absorbing idea, and by himself practically realized, was "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt."

And verily there is hope of any one who is willing really and rightly to work. To theorize and to dream require but little of resolution and of manly strength: yet when one is seen to embody purpose in earnest action, it is proof that his purpose has deep meaning in it. To the young man of refined and intellectual tastes, who has spent his academic life in the companionship of those of kindred sympathies, there are myriad repulsive features in the men and things that make up this busy world. But live he must, and to live honorably he must work. Yet if the world were only a little different, how much he would do, and how willingly, and how he would seek rather than avoid contact with it. But the world changes very slowly, never to suit one man; and, therefore, Mahomet does wisely to go to the mountain, when the mountain will not come to him. This is God's vineyard, in some department of which all must labor; and he who goes into it, with an end in view which the Master approves, and works with a will, though the harness fret him often at the first, the sore spots will soon grow callous; and every difficulty overcome, and every repulse and disappointment borne, shall toughen the muscles of his soul, and make him a wiser and a stronger man.

There is any quantity of philanthropy afloat now-a-days—philanthropy that is theoretical; and there are men not a few who seem to believe, so far as they believe anything, that every man carries about with him a well-spring of all that is great and noble; that the highest aim of life is to commune with one's own nature, and that mental and spiritual growth will certainly follow as the result of feeding on one's self. But I do not see that this theoretical philanthropy, or that these self-utterers and self-worshipers, have as yet done much, or are likely to do much, to make men better. I believe there is no better discipline than to live, and act, amidst the ever-changing experiences of real life. I believe that in this world, "God and angels only should be lookers on." By repulses nobly met, by disappointments nobly borne, by labors steady, by hope unfailing, by faith that will not flinch nor falter while there is left a rag of canvas or a floating spar, men are made; and there is no better school for grown-up children than this, where God sets the tasks, and will "make us perfect through suffering," if we are only willing.

And there may be a religion which dreams and a religion which frolics; but the religion which shows blossoms and bears fruit, is what we want in this age. Nothing will render a man's love so pure, his hopes so bright, his faith so strong, as an earnest, efficient acting out the belief that is in him. The query is not so much, whether the religious nature within us has burned and glowed,—whether many beautiful thoughts and feelings we have felt and cherished, as whether, in our several spheres, and according to our several circumstances, we have *worked* out Salvation.

ERASTUS.

For the Independent.

ARE WE CONSISTENT?

COTTONVILLE, Feb. 17, 1852.

Are we consistent? There is much said at the present day of the evils of slavery. Many complaints are uttered, and justly too, against that huge system of abominations, and especially against the operation of the "Fugitive law." Slavery is a great evil. We are glad to see men bear their testimony against it; and on all suitable occasions we mean to bear ours also. It is indeed a *system* of evils. Slavery is an evil to the slaveholder. Though it may support him in ease and idleness, yet in many ways it destroys his peace and that of his family. It loads him with care, and robs him of enjoyment. The slaveholder's constant liability to loss, or the vengeance of those whom he oppresses, fills his days and nights with corroding anxiety. Dark suspicion makes him tyrannical, and that in turn but enhances his suspicion. The system corrupts in many ways. It furnishes, even from childhood, a constant occasion for the exercise of arbitrary power. It presents a strong temptation to indulge the baser passions. It makes those brought up under it incapable of self-reliance. It ruins those whom it supports for enterprise and accomplishment. If the merits of the "peculiar institution" are discussed, the deeply-felt dependence of those connected with it upon the system, throws them into a most troubled excitement. Every movement in the world toward liberty awakens anew their solicitude. The system works evil to the non-slaveholding part of the community where it exists. It degrades labor and so deadens enterprise. It hinders improvements in the arts; it cuts off occasion for invention. The machinery of human bones, sinews and muscles prevents the introduction of that which would otherwise take its place. It is a crushing incubus on society. It deprives the mass of educational advantages, and so leaves the poor inefficient and thriftless. Words seem weak when we say it is an evil to the slave. The thought that he is a slave extinguishes all proper self-respect. He abandons himself, in most cases, to his destiny, and sinks to the lowest mental imbecility and degradation. It takes away the opportunity for the development of his powers as a man, by releasing him from the responsibility of providing for himself and family. It tempts, if it does not force, to a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes; as permanent connections are uncertain, and if formed, increase the liabilities, by a forcible separation, to deeper misery. In short, slavery corrupts the laws, biases the judgment and extinguishes conscience. Thus we see a *system* of evils; working evil to all parties directly concerned. Whatever produces as its legitimate fruits so many and so great natural evils must be an enormous moral evil. To the perpetuity of the system we well object. We are concerned for its overthrow because we are subjects of moral obligation and concerned with whatever affects the happiness of the race. We must cease to be subjects of the law of love ere we can be indifferent to so great an evil.

But that to which we wish especially to call attention at present, is what to us seems a glaring inconsistency on the part of those who, while they denounce slavery as a heinous wrong, at the same time give the system their sanction by aiding to build up a slaveholding Christianity. Is not this furnishing slavery with the securest sanctuary? Is it not, in effect, telling the slaveholder that, at least, Christ tolerates the system, and that too with all its present aggravations and enormities? But slaveholders, as all others, deny that Christ tolerates sin. The conclusion is that slavery is not sinful. This conclusion once admitted as sound, in vain do you bring your moral enginery to bear against the system. Anciently, when the slave of Egypt fled to the temple of Hercules, and had received the sacred brand and so became a devotee of the god, it was no longer lawful for any one to injure him. So the slaveholder in the temple of Christ receives at least externally his mark, and now to attack his practices is almost accounted sacrilegious. And why should we attack with one hand, with a purpose to tear down, that which we build up with the other? Paul said, "If I build again the things which I destroy, I make myself a transgressor."

We here introduce a quotation from a correspondent of *The Independent*. Alluding to the fact that husbands and wives, parents and children are "torn asunder and sold every whither," he says: "There is no help for it under the slave law. They are property. They must take all the vicissitudes of property. Now we do not write in a spirit of unkindness. We would ask the writer of this letter [referring to a letter of a slaveholder] *Is such a system consistent with the intent and spirit of the Christian religion?* We would solemnly ask every conscientious Christian in the South, *Ought there not to be enacted laws which shall prevent the separation of families?*" We answer that there doubtless should be laws to prevent the forcible separation of families. But are such laws consistent with such a system as slavery? Prohibit the sale of slaves and the system will at once become intolerable. Aside from liabilities to bankruptcy among slaveholders, there are also, where there are female slaves, liabilities to an increase of the number of slaves beyond the means of furnishing employment. When this is the case what shall the owner do? But we forbear. We have no disposition to seek for and apply remedies to such a system of abominations. Let the outside appear just such as it is internally and throughout. The idea of holding man—immortal man—a slave, and of being a slave! We have no language that expresses our abhorrence of such an idea. Time is wasted in devising palliatives for the monstrous iniquity. And who is willing to bear the responsibility of giving it a sanctuary in the Church of Christ? Is it consistent with the intent and spirit of the Christian religion to build up such a Christianity? Is the pure, white robe of Christ a garment befitting such a body? Is there any agreement between the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of slavery? Will they mutually sustain, where left to their free operation, or destroy each other? And now let us ask, What is it that worldly-minded slaveholders,—those who are in heart pro-slavery, desire to see? Are they not most highly gratified to see those who, like themselves, hold slaves, admitted to the Church? Is not the slaveholder's conscience thus quieted? Can you convict the great mass of slaveholders who make the laws that regulate the system of slavery, that slavery is a great moral evil, while they see some of their number within the pale of the Christian Church? Could we in any way more effectually forefend the blows directed against the system, than by contributing the means to build up a slaveholding Christianity? Is such a course consistent with our oft-repeated protests against the system and its appendages? Persisting in this thing, shall we be free from all responsibility for the existence of the evil of which we complain? Tell us ye who can. Let us know the truth and bow to its authority.

S. D. H.

For the Independent.

THE CELTIC AND ANGLO-SAXON RACES.

A recent lecture of Mr. W. E. Robinson, of the *Tribune*, has brought the claims of the Celtic race, in opposition to those of the Anglo-Saxon, quite prominently before the public mind; and has awakened a very considerable interest in that aspect of the subject which he presents. If we may judge from his style, Mr. R. is a Celt of the Celts, an Hibernian of the Hibernians. He advocates his cause with all the ardor of impulse, and all the license of rhetoric, which are proverbial in the oratory of his branch of the great race whose name he is striving to honor. It is by no means a matter of regret that such an effort has been made by one who has every disposition to do it justice; for though the writer's statements need some correction, there is yet a considerable element of truth in his view, and, more than that, it furnishes a very important topic of reflection.

Mr. R. refers in his address to a previous one, delivered last summer in Hamilton College, and quotes some of the statistics of that production. It may be worth his while to review those statistics more carefully. His estimates of emigration therein contained, are very far beyond those of any other writer, and of course are liable to some suspicion of error. But whatever error there may be in those, is thrown into the shade by a triumph of ingenuity in his estimate of the present number of Celts of European birth in this country. As published in the *Tribune*, the estimated number of foreign Celts is greater by half a million than the whole number of immigrants of that race since 1790. Their descendants are included in another column.

In estimating the numbers of such a class of our population, there is a very great liability to error on the part of those who have either an interest or a tendency to exaggerate it. This gentleman's estimates are unquestionably made in good faith, but his figures are sadly against him. The *Freeman's Journal* has recently been trying its hand at a similar game, and wildly numbers our Catholic population at between six and seven millions. The Catholic Almanac meanwhile reiterates its statements that according to the official reports of the several dioceses, and including California and New Mexico, there are scarcely *two* millions from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Probably neither of these estimates is at all reliable: the only thing they teach is the absolute impossibility under which the authorities of the Romish Church in this country labor, of ascertaining their true position and resources. The criticisms of the *Freeman's Journal* one or two years since upon the Almanac referred to, show that the chief ground on which this extravagant estimate is made, is the fact that annually one or two hundred thousand Catholics land upon these shores. It is natural enough to infer from this a rapid and immense increase of adherents to that faith. But the estimate takes no note whatever of the terrible loss of life among the helpless and wretched throng of foreigners which every wave casts upon our soil. Assailed by pestilence upon the passage, they carry the seeds of disease with them wherever they go. Inured only to moderate and easy toil, they are worn here with labors to which their strength is quite inadequate. Natives of a comparatively genial clime, they must endure the fierce heats and fiercer frosts which characterize this continent.

So destructive are these adverse influences, that the average life of the emigrant is fearfully short. It has been computed at *five* years, more probable estimates make it seven, ten years would probably be beyond the truth. Mr. Robinson mentions the proportion of children of foreign parents who are annually born in Boston; has it occurred to him to inquire how many of this class die within five years? In New York, in a proportion of such births probably yet greater, more than half the annual deaths are below that age.

But while Mr. R.'s calculations and estimates are greatly in advance of facts, it is yet true that there is a very large infusion of Celtic blood in our American stock—an infusion which, so far as mere amount is concerned, might set up a claim that would be by no means absurd, to be the dominant influence in the American mind. In America as in England, a very great number of the most ardent and effective minds of each succeeding age, have been of Celtic blood. A large deduction might be made from Mr. R.'s lists of names eminent in literature, arts, and arms, and still enough would remain to challenge the highest respect, and to vindicate the claim of that great race to be one of the most efficient agents in the development of our modern civilization. Ingenious, versatile, ardent, impetuous, every great movement of modern days has owed something of its success to the impulse which this fiery nature has imparted to whatever party it espoused. It was under the first William of Orange, that the first free and great commonwealth of modern days was established on the marshes of Holland; it was under another that English freedom of government and of worship gained its full development; and the Huguenot, the Covenanter and the Orangeman, alike have contributed to establish similar results among us. But "sic vos non vobis." By some strange chance which reverence can refer only to the wise disposal of Heaven, it has been for Saxon England, and Holland, and America, that Celtic blood has been shed, Celtic industry has toiled, Celtic valor has fought, Celtic wisdom has planned. And here, as elsewhere, it is under the practical good sense of another mind, for institutions foreign to its own taste, and, above all, for aims higher than any which that race could gain, that these results have been accomplished.

It is often a matter of wonder that a race so energetic and so great, and which has borne so important a part in the recent movements of the world, should have accomplished so little that is definitely and characteristically its own. But it is not difficult to assign reasons which go far to account for the fact.

First, the Celt has no political institutions. They are at this day more numerous than almost any other single race in European society. Two great communities, France and Ireland, have displayed fertility of genius and an energy of action, which have drawn upon them the attention and applause of the world. But neither of them has anything that can by any stretch of language be termed political institutions. What are the institutions of France? What of Ireland? France received last year from a successful usurper a so-called constitution, which will last till the next year—*probably*; and then it may be a mock republic as it is now a mock empire. Ireland has what it pleases the wisdom of Parliament to give. No Celtic nation has developed any form and society which is adapted to its wants, based upon principles, and able therefore to maintain its own life and the life of the people.

The Celt has therefore no political system of his own; but, worse than this, he has no religion of his own. We would not insultingly deny that he has or that he loves a system of religion; but he has none adapted to him. He has none that he has made for *himself*—no original and peculiar type of religion, such as his ardent nature and bold genius require to guide it. It is essential to the vitality and efficiency of any religion, that the truth which it proclaims shall be of the deepest convictions of the minds which profess it. The Jew wrought out, with divine help, his great solution of the mighty problem of life, and applied it to nature and society, the noblest the world had ever known. The barbarian of the North yielded his mind freely to Christianity, and accepting that system he made it his own,—wrought it into his own state, organized society by it, and he grew up to a greatness which has governed the world. And the Celt, instead of laboring to define and express *his* conceptions of Christianity, and mould the generations of this age into some conformity with them, vainly seeking to live upon the obsolete system which served the necessities of Europe five hundred years ago. Instead of applying his soul to the Word of God, and drawing from its treasures of wisdom guidance which may illuminate his path, he forswears the right of private judgment, and deputes this vital matter to a set of functionaries whose profession it is to do it for him. The only religion which he has was formed not by him but for him, by a corporation whose right to impose their opinions upon him he lacks the courage or the energy to question. The religious belief of the Celt, so far as he has any, is not a thing which has any relation to *him*, but is what it was decreed it should be, by a convention of Italian bishops cunningly devising matters to secure the triumph of the papacy at Trent, three centuries ago. The only claim which the Celt makes for himself and for mankind, is the right of blind subserviency to the papacy—the liberty of believing according to the formula of a certain council. Is not this the upshot of "an Irish gentleman in search of religion"? Meanwhile the Saxon has vigorously challenged for the human soul its grand privilege of hearing and understanding, as it best can, the Eternal Word of God, and is working out results on his application of that principle. And the *Anglo*-Saxon has a system of religion which took its birth in the impulse of God's Spirit on the free and enlightened nature of that people. It is as peculiar and original as any the world ever saw. It is as active and earnest and diffusive as Christianity was before there *was* an apostolic succession. It is known not by forms of worship, by ecclesiastical niceties, and ecclesiological curiosities, but by its vigorous grappling with the great questions of human thought, and by its solemn appeals to the conscience of mankind. It has its prayer-meetings and its revivals, that so often afford occasion for a sneer, but which have done so much, and are accomplishing more, for the reclaiming of society to Christ.

It is for the lack of some such system of truth and piety as this, that the Celt needs a master. His ample strength, and ingenious skill, and comprehensive thought must toil for those who *have* institutions and systems to leave the world; who can claim and vindicate the rights and enforce the obligations by which our nature is bound to God. The poor Celt! His fate is foreshadowed in the vessel that brings him over. A noble ship bears a thousand hapless sons of Ireland, fleeing from the oppression of institutions which they are powerless to regenerate. The crew are of all nations—a majority of them Celts too, perhaps. There are artists among that company—orators, generals, sons of genius, of whatever kind; but there is only one man who can guide them over the trackless sea, and he is an Anglo-American. They must obey his will, accept his guidance; and so they shall reach a port of security to which no energy nor enthus

of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all," we praise Christ. Indeed, in the Communion Service, we honor and worship Christ. While therefore the heavenly host sung anthems of praise at the birth of this glorious Being, and the Eastern Magi honored him with costly presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh, worshiping him—and after his resurrection, when the disciples saw him "*they worshiped him*," shall not we now, in the light of all that has gone before, exclaim, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and honor and blessing"?

The editor of the *Register* subjoins a short paragraph by way of explanation and criticism, which runs thus—"We agree with our correspondent that 'in some sense and to some degree' we may worship Christ." But the language, "*we may*" does not sound well to my ear. It is too listless, too indifferent to the honor and glory of the Savior. As if, too, we may or may not worship him, just as we please. If so, what then does the language mean, when God says, "And let all the angels of God worship him"? "But," continues the editor, "not in the sense in which the word is usually employed, as implying an act of supreme homage." Now does the editor mean to say, "not as implying an act of '*divine*' homage"? If so, I entirely dissent from him. I confess I fear this is his meaning, as partly appears in the next sentence. "The Bible speaks of worshiping kings, but not in the same sense in which we worship God." Now the effect of this language is to make the common reader think there is in the Bible the same authority for worshiping kings as for worshiping Christ, which a moment's reflection shows to be false and absurd. There is no command from God to worship kings, but there is to worship Christ.

We are indeed commanded "to honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honor the king." But here we are commanded to "honor *all* men" just as much as we are to "honor the king." And do any contend that we are to honor Christ only as we honor all men, or honor the king? He continues, "Love, honor, gratitude, thanksgiving, reverence and praise, are due from us to our Redeemer; but the loftiest adoration and worship can rightfully be paid to God alone." Here I would say, let us worship God as God, the Creator, the Father, and let us worship Christ as Christ, the Savior, the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world. For himself hath said, "All men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father."

E. E.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1.

NOTICE.—*All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of the Independent, and all communications for the paper, to the Editors.* By observing the above notice, correspondents will save much inconvenience at the office.

LETTERS TO GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

NEW SERIES.—NO. I.

DEAR SIR:—After reading your two voluminous letters in the *Journal of Commerce*, March 6, and March 20, I thought it might be necessary to spend some time in showing your mistakes, the injustice of your interpretations, and the inconclusiveness of your reasonings. But before sitting down to the task it occurred to me that it would be well to refresh my memory by reading over the two letters which I have already contributed to this correspondence (see *The Independent*, Feb. 12, and Feb. 26). I have done so, and have consequently determined not to follow you from paragraph to paragraph with formal refutation, for it would be very difficult to do that without repeating myself to an extent which would be more tedious than profitable. For my own part I think I should be quite willing to put my two former letters into the hands of any intelligent and disinterested person, as a sufficient answer to what you have since written in the form of a reply.

One lesson, let me acknowledge, I have learned from your letters. It is that if these letters of mine are to make any salutary impression on the public mind, I must carefully avoid tediousness. Here you have, to some extent, an advantage over me. If the purchasers of a first class commercial journal find its columns crowded with a single article long enough to fill a page of *The Independent*, they can overlook it, so long as it does not crowd out the shipping intelligence, the prices current, the advertisements, and the news of the morning by the telegraph or the ocean steamer. But in a miscellaneous weekly sheet, like this, anything prolix is out of place and may defeat its own object. I shall take the liberty, therefore, to address you in a short series of short letters, written at uncertain intervals.

The present letter will be one of statement merely—a recollection, as it were, of what have been the questions between us.

I. In a letter written last summer from the other side of the Atlantic, I adverted to the painful fact that as I understood the agitations which had taken place during my absence from the country, some, of whom better things might be expected, "men of high religious standing, profound divines, masters in Israel, are teaching men to scoff and sneer at the idea of any higher law than that which is ordained by human legislation."

You hold that I was mistaken in this impression. You deny that any such persons have, directly or indirectly, taught men to despise and scout the idea of a higher law than the law of the land.

My answer is to this effect. The facts on which it rests are notorious.

1. On a certain occasion—when the question before the American people was whether slavery should be established by Congress, or should be permitted by Congress to establish itself in territories where it had once been abolished by the Mexican government—a senator in the capitol at Washington referred to *a higher law* than the Constitution of the United States, as a rule that should be regarded by Congress in its legislation. In the same speech he referred to the indisputable fact that when the Constitutional provision for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor, is applied to compel the rendition of "the refugee from the most degrading oppression on earth," then, to a very great extent, throughout the non-slaveholding states, to say nothing of persons residing farther south, "the law of nature written on the hearts and consciences of freemen repudiates the compact;" and free, God-fearing men, by thousands, refuse to co-operate in seizing, and binding, and giving over to torture, the wretched fellow-men with whom are all their human sympathies.

2. Thereupon a popular clamor, like that which was raised against Paul at Ephesus, arose, south, north, east, west, against *the doctrine of a higher law*—a clamor which at first, and while the Compromise measures (so called) had not yet been carried, was directed chiefly against "the free-soil fanaticism," and assailed with sneers and scorn the men who were demanding of Congress such legislation as should secure forever to the inhabitants of the territories then about to be organized, all natural and inalienable rights—a clamor which was afterwards kept up without intermission against those who refused to surrender their conscientious convictions of duty to the authority of the fugitive slave law—a clamor which, on the part of impious and ungodly men, the "lewd fellows of the baser sort," thousands of whom were lending their practiced voices to the uproar, was nothing less than a free outburst of that "enmity" against God and his government which is the essence of human depravity.

3. Men of a very different character from the impious and ungodly, "men of high religious standing, profound divines, masters in Israel,"—men who if they had "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do," would have lifted up their voices to testify for the law of nature and of nature's God against the madness of the people—were carried away by the excitement of the hour, and, blinded by their loyalty and by their fears for the Union, thoughtlessly gave their voices and the weight of their influence against the assertors of a higher law, and for the encouragement of those whose outcry meant "Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us."

4. I hold, therefore, that those masters in Israel committed, on that occasion, a great practical error; and that by permitting themselves to be identified with the agitation which was to heap upon all the assertors of a higher law such scorn and ignominy as "fanaticism" deserves, they did in fact teach men to sneer and scoff at the idea of any higher law than that which is ordained by human legislation. Nobody could understand me as saying that they had framed this teaching into formal propositions. Had they done so they would have been frightened at themselves. If a minister of the Gospel, setting out on a fine Sunday morning to supply the pulpit of a neighboring parish, accepts a seat in a gig by the side of some sporting gentleman who drives *tandem*, the fowling piece and the fishing rods sticking out behind, and the dogs of high degree running before—and if he is seen dashing along the quiet road in this kind of companionship, with a cigar between his lips, there can be no doubt that—however pure may be his motives, however unsophisticated his conviction that he is doing his duty, and however undeniable his right to perform on the Sabbath day a reasonable "Sabbath day's journey"—he is in fact teaching men to violate the fourth commandment.

Such is my position on this first point. You hold a different opinion. Let others judge between us.

II. In my sermon entitled The Higher Law, I ventured to controvert the proposition, with all due respect for the persons and the motives of the many who had in those terms made profession of their faith, "We know of no higher law than the Constitution of the United States as a rule for political action"; and I said that "the idea of a 'higher law' to which all men owe a primary and indissoluble allegiance, and with which the enactments of Congress, however constitutional, may possibly be in conflict, has been scouted as if it were the grossest and most pestilent of all heresies."

For the abstract proposition controverted in my sermon, you set up in your letters the same defense which you had previously set up in your review—a defense which gives to the phrase "political action" a meaning unwarranted by any usage, or by anything better than the exigency of your argument. That man must be in sad quandary who is under the necessity of pretending that simple obedience or disobedience to the law of the land—murder for example, or forgery, or the paying of duties at the custom house, or the selling of intoxicating liquors by license in obedience to law, or the unlicensed selling of the same article contrary to law—is "political action." There is no need of arguing against such an argument. My answer to you and to every man who says, "We know of no higher law than the Constitution of the United States as a rule for political action," is this, You do know a higher law than the Constitution of the United States as a rule for political action—a law which you are to obey in every exertion of whatever political power is entrusted to you—even that law, eternal and supreme, which is summed up in the sentence, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

As for my statement that "the idea of a higher law to which all men owe a primary and indissoluble allegiance, and with which the enactments of Congress, however constitutional, may possibly be in conflict, has been scouted as if it were the grossest and most pestilent of all heresies,"—you will please to observe how carefully the statement is limited, and how different it is from your representation of it. The idea which according to my statement has been scouted as heresy is nor merely the idea of a law superior to human legislation, not merely the idea of a higher law always binding; it is not merely the idea of a higher law with which a decree of Nebuchadnezzar or of Louis Napoleon may be in conflict, but the idea of a higher law with which an act of our American Congress, an act made in the exercise of the Constitutional powers of Congress, may be in conflict. Some future letter may give me the opportunity of paying my respects to Dr. John C. Lord and to your friend William C. Prime, Esq. At present I will only ask you to take notice of what you seem to have overlooked. When you "surprise" Dr. Lord by telling him that I have charged him "with maintaining a position contrary to the commonly received principle of the supremacy of the divine law,"—and when you gravely inquire of Mr. Prime 'whether, in a certain communication, or at any time, he has held the doctrine that "there is no higher law than that which is ordained by human legislation,"'—you seriously miss the mark. If you will take the trouble to read my first letter again, and see for what purpose I quoted Dr. Lord's sermon and the then anonymous communication of Mr. Prime, you will see that you have really evaded the issue.

The question is whether the idea of a higher law with which a constitutional act of Congress may be in conflict, and from obedience to which no act of Congress can release me, has been scouted as a heresy. I understand you as intending to deny that it has been. I understand you as intending to affirm that the higher law doctrine of my sermon (viz.: that in regard to an act of legislation confessedly constitutional, I may ask and am bound to ask whether it requires me to do wrong,) has never been denied in any quarter. My proofs that it has been denied—all the proofs I need to give—were given in my first letter. I submit that you have not invalidated those proofs; that you have not even made any fair show of meeting them.

So far as the two preceding topics are concerned, I have no intention of pursuing this correspondence any farther, except (as I have already intimated) for the sake of doing justice to Dr. Lord and Mr. Prime. But you have introduced another topic which was not at all introduced into my sermon, and the discussion of which may perhaps do good in the present state of public opinion.

III. THE ETHICS OF THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW is now the main subject of this discussion. On the grave question of personal duty in regard to the recapture of fugitives from the slavery which exists in our southern States, you seem to need more light. Many others, probably, who may read these letters for your sake, are inclined to your way of thinking. While I distrust, very much, my ability to produce conviction on any mind already committed to the wrong, I will do what I can to discover and hold forth the right.

Yours respectfully, LEONARD BACON.

NEW HAVEN, April 30, 1852.

STRAY MEDITATIONS.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.—And is it indeed true that Jesus is my personal friend, and that he is interested in all that affects my welfare? Assuredly this is so if I truly love and obey my Lord. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you.* Christ grants his disciples the utmost freedom of approach to himself, he admits them fully to his confidence, he instructs and comforts them, he enters into all their desires, their feelings, and their wants. Especially does he manifest his friendly sympathy with his disciples in times of danger, of temptation, and of sorrow; "he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." With what tenderness does a parent watch over a delicate child! With what constant sympathy and solicitude does one carry in his thoughts a sick and dying friend! With what spontaneity does the mind in such circumstances answer to every phase of the disease and to every wish or emotion of the sufferer! Does that delicate little one, unconscious that its frail life is wasting away, exhibit a languid cheerfulness at the approach of its father or its mother, and throw its gentle nature upon the sympathies of parental love? How promptly does that love respond to every childish feeling;—pity is merged in a momentary joy as the imparted life rolls back its sparkling current into the soul from which it sprung, and then joy is overwhelmed in turn as the deepest springs of emotion are opened by the cry of sudden pain, or by the look of languor, of disease, and of death. Has that child a want, a wish, a grief,—all childish though it be—the breaking of a toy, the pricking of a pin,—the heart of the parent does not chide it, does not make light of it, but quietly soothes the sorrow with words and looks of sympathy. That dear child lives ever in the parent's heart, and is a partaker of the parent's life.

Is a dear friend drooping under the slow, sure, fatal progress of disease in some vital organ? How does the heart ebb and flow with the advance or the seeming recession of that disease, and with the fears or the hopes of the invalid! With what affectionate promptness is every wish gratified; with what tender eagerness is every want anticipated; with what exhilaration is the least improvement hailed; with what deep though smothered sadness is every symptom of decline detected; how is the pallid countenance and the wasted form of that loved one present amid all the thoughts, and cares, and employments of the day; in all the dreams and watches of the night. A whisper, a motion, a sigh, a look—any the least intimation from the sufferer,—how does it draw upon every chord and fiber of the sympathizing heart that yearns over the life that is receding from its embraces. And thus it is that the blessed Redeemer is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and bears the griefs and carries the sorrows of those he loves. Nothing that affects their welfare is too trivial for him to notice. As the parent shuns not the petition or the grief of the child because it is childish, as the friend does not slight the humor of the invalid though it may be weak and frivolous—so neither does Jesus overlook the everyday incidents in the life of his disciples because these in themselves are insignificant. Whatever affects the welfare of one he loves, interests his heart also,—either to gratify the wish or to allay the desire by substituting a more valuable good. Christ was invested with a full and proper humanity, a human nature of most exquisite tone, that he might sympathize with and succor those that he came to redeem.

But with this manifested sympathy there is also an imparted strength. *Fear not, I am with you. I will not leave you desolate;* I WILL COME TO YOU. *My grace is sufficient for thee; for my grace is made perfect in weakness.*

How near and how lovely a friend is Christ! Man needs such a friend. The heart is formed for sympathy. In its joys, in its sorrows, in its affections, it retires ever to the innermost circle, and there in the dear companionship of one tried friend unbosoms itself and gives to its emotions their utmost play. Without such a resource the heart is lonely and wretched indeed. How blessed then is that presentation of Christ which places him within that innermost circle, which enshrines him in the very heart itself, nearer than the nearest earthly friend, and which keeps him there unchanged, in all the fullness and tenderness of human sympathy, and with all the strength and consolation of divine grace, when that innermost circle is made vacant, and the heart finds no outward support for its torn and bleeding tendrils. Let me then accustom myself to the thought of Christ as a present, personal friend; let me learn to confide in him as fully and as freely as in the dearest earthly confidant;—nay more, to tell him of all my wants, my temptations, my sufferings, my cares, my griefs, my infirmities—to tell him of these without one distrustful thought of his kind sympathizing interest, or of his ability and his willingness to help in every time of need. Above all, let me ever keep his friendship by avoiding whatever is displeasing to him and by devoting my whole heart to his service. Oh the misery of being without such a friend; to live in a world where all other friends must fail, where life itself must fail, and have no interest in this Almighty, Everlasting Friend!

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

Works of plastic art are commonly assigned to a period of national wealth and luxury. But the history of the plastic art among the Greeks demonstrates that art requires for its development neither abundant wealth nor a luxurious taste, but domestic tranquillity, a state of general prosperity, and a national taste inspired by the religious sentiment, by an heroic history, by public spirit, and by the surroundings of Nature. That Anthropomorphism which entered more largely into the religion of the Greeks than of any other nation of antiquity, except perhaps the Hebrews, was the primary source of their plastic art. The religious sentiment seeks ever to embody itself in some outward, visible expression. This tendency was met under the Old Testament by the anthropomorphism there so frequent, and by a divinely appointed tabernacle, temple, and ritual; it is met under the New Testament by the incarnation of Christ. Among rude nations this tendency develops itself in the grosser forms of idolatry; but with the Greeks, who early produced a Homer, and whose native genius, whose language, whose local scenery and whose political institutions favored the æsthetic element, this tendency took a higher direction, and the religious sentiment stimulating the creative art, brought forth in visible forms that "world of sculpture" already existing in the disembodied creations of the Homeric and the tragic poetry.

When the religious sentiment had thus developed the plastic art, that "Civic virtue," which existed in its perfection under the free but federative constitution of the Grecian states, and which has been aptly characterized as "the consort of a decent and philosophic poverty," lent its aid to the nurture of art as a national element, and thus diffused the love of plastic art through the whole national life. It was not till the simplicity of the earlier Grecian life had given place to a love of conquest, of dominion, and of commercial intercourse, and conquest and commerce had rolled wealth and luxury into Hellas, that creative art disappeared, and mere imitative art succeeded.

There is nothing in our national life or in our political institutions to forbid the development of art, though hitherto there has been little to encourage it. It may be said of us in some sense, as was said of the Roman in his earlier history;—"to melt brass, and breathe into it the soul of art, or to execute living forms in marble, the Roman had not learned. His art was government and war." When the works of foreign art became the spoils of war, the Roman learned to prize them as trophies of his prowess and symbols of his wealth; and then he multiplied the plastic creations of the vanquished Greek until "there dwelt in Rome as many statues as men." But while we vie with the Roman in the art of government, and especially in making laws, we are not likely—now that we have reached the Pacific—to vie with him in his career of universal conquest. A state of public tranquility and of general prosperity will favor the cultivation of the plastic art. True the religious sentiment of a Christian nation does not tend to the same external artistic development as did the religious sentiment of Greece. But why may we not hope for a truly Christian art, especially in the adorning of those cemeteries, which are now becoming the ornament and the pride of every city and of every village?

Why should not the symbols of Egyptian Paganism at the entrance of the New Haven Cemetery and the ludicrous group of "Old Mortality" that disgraces the entrance to Laurel Hill be displaced by Brown's magnificent conception of the Angel of the Resurrection summoning the sleepers from their graves, or by some appropriate symbol of Christian Faith, Hope, or Love? The strictures of President Woolsey upon our monumental sculpture, published some time ago in the *New Englander*, should awaken a Christian people to some sense of propriety in such matters.

But while the religious sentiment will not tend so directly to the plastic art with a Christian as with a pagan people, there are certain forms of that sentiment—especially the hallowed and refined affection of the Christian heart for the departed objects of its love—that will seek expression through emblems of Scriptural truth and faith engraved upon the monumental marble that marks the tomb of cherished hopes. Parental affection, marital and filial love, and that civic virtue which should ever be cherished in a republic, will at once demand the plastic art and suggest its themes.

This art may yet attain to a new development in this western world. Hitherto, indeed, "sculpture has but seldom passed beyond the barriers of imitation, though instructed by the greatest models. It is laboriously propagated, only in an artificial warmth, just as if its productive power had been exhausted in Hellas. Its few and scattered works seldom proceed from the inner life; still more rarely do they enlarge the province of forms by new and genial creations." But true genius will not always be hampered by conventional or even by classic forms. For what purpose does an American sculptor need to resort to Italy? Not to perfect himself in the merely imitative part of his art—in modeling a bust or a human form. The busts of Powers, of Greenough, of Brown, of Ives, of Palmer, modeled without any comparison with works on classic ground, were perfect in their kind, and needed no touch from an Italian chisel. But the sculptor needs to visit the home of classic art that like the scholar upon classic ground, he may catch the inspiration of the works of the great masters amid the local and the historical associations where they were produced, and thus feel his own creative genius stimulated by the general atmosphere of art, while his hand is educated under its finest models. He cannot *learn* to create, to group, to give expression, from the study of models, if he have not a soul for this within him.

The great problem for the sculptor of our day and in our country is to modernize the plastic art and to make it tributary to existing wants. Of the success of our native art in this respect we have no doubt. There is now at the studio of Mr. H. K. BROWN of Brooklyn—an artist whose modesty seems unconscious of the celebrity that his genius in modeling and his skill in execution have attained—the model of a colossal statue of DE WITT CLINTON, intended for a pedestal in Greenwood Cemetery, in which the antique costume is most happily superseded by a modern robe or cloak, draped with artistic grace and effect. This statue is to be cast in bronze; and the perfection which Mr. Brown has recently attained in the working of this metal is deserving of notice as a matter of public interest. His first experiments were made on a small scale in this city, and were so far successful as to encourage him to attempt larger works. Indeed nothing of the kind could be more admirable than the bronze statuettes of the Indian which he furnished for the Art Union a year or two since. But he could find no competent assistance in the preparation and the management of the metal for works of any magnitude and weight, and despairing of success he was about to transport his model of Clinton to Europe to have it cast there, when Mr. Ames of Chicopee, Mass., became interested in the subject, and with the experienced hands in his great foundry, undertook the work of bronze casting. He has been entirely successful with the head of this statue, bringing out on the surface of the metal the minutest lines of the model, and the whole statue will shortly be completed in sections and made ready for its place. Its height is ten feet, and its weight will be about five tons. This work is a great triumph of American genius and of American mechanical art.

The Messrs. Appleton have had cast in bronze a large *bas relief*, designed as a symbolical sign for their publishing house. The figures are Plato or some ancient sage, expounding knowledge to a group of disciples, while a youth kneels reverently before him, soliciting admission into the circle of his pupils. The piece is admirable both in its grouping and in its details. The metal is of a fine quality, and develops beautifully the characteristics of the model. The work requires much elaboration after coming from the foundry, but will shortly be elevated to its place at No. 200 Broadway, a monument alike of the genius of the artist and of the taste and liberality of the proprietors.

Smaller works of art are cast in bronze with great perfection under the superintendence of Mr. Brown. A little model of his—representing a panther springing upon a deer—was brought out in the metal not only with all the expressive muscular action depicted in the model, but with the minutest filament of hair distinctly traced. The bronze casting serves in turn as a model for silver and other castings.

In this country there is little demand for elaborate marble statuary. Private fortunes seldom admit of such costly ornaments for dwellings, and our scanty municipal and State treasuries have no surplus for such works for the adornment of public grounds and places. But in the thousand lesser forms of art—like those just indicated—there is a field for the employment of the artist and for the development of a national taste which shall clothe even the common and useful articles of the household with grace and beauty, and shall educate our youth in that genial æsthetic culture to which the strifes of politics and of trade are so adverse.

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

Wherever the Spirit of God is, there is liberty, freedom from the bondage of sensuality and Satan. We love to read such manifestations of progress abroad, in the right way, amidst things in more civilized regions, that are dark and discouraging. Our readers are aware that Mr. Poor returned to his mission at Ceylon in 1850, after having been absent from that field of labor a little more than three years. On renewing his missionary labors, he renewed his Missionary Journal, and has sent a copy of it to this country, covering his experience from May to September, 1851. The 26th day of June he attended a quarterly meeting of native assistants in the mission, about fifty in number, of different grades. Their examination must have been a work of deep interest, and the gathering of so large a company of native missionary laborers on such an occasion was hailed as a delightful proof that God had blest the mission with his own presence and power. The native assistants were examined that day in five chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, and in six chapters of Rhenius's Body of Divinity.

But Mr. Poor met with other proofs of the Divine blessing quite as striking and encouraging; illustrations, such as faithful missionaries are always receiving, of the text in Isaiah. Blessed are they that sow beside all waters. On a former journey from the south of Ceylon to Jaffna, Mr. Poor spent three busy days at Kandy. Among his other labors there, he delivered a temperance lecture to a large audience of burghers and natives. July 19th (last July) he received a letter from a burgher, a native of Jaffna, but now a resident in Kandy. In that letter, the writer, after alluding to Mr. Poor's visit, stated the progress and happy results of the *temperance movement* in Kandy, and gave his own personal history, as a man most mercifully and providentially reclaimed from the use of intoxicating drinks. He told Mr. Poor of the beneficial effects of this reformation in his own household; it had not only made them happier and more abundant in all blessings, but had given them the heart, by God's grace, and the means, by God's providential favor, to contribute to the good of others. "For twenty months," said he, "myself and family have been *tectotalers*, and something may be spared for good purposes. I beg to inclose *fifty shillings*, which may be accepted only in the name of *a friend to the cause of temperance*."

This is from a native of Jaffna, in Ceylon! The time is not far distant, we trust in God, when they will have the Maine law, even in India, both for rum and opium. And when practical Christian legislation for the protection of the morals and the property of the common masses of society, takes the place of a mere legislation of monopolies for enriching classes, and sustaining governments in extravagance and war, then and not till then, we shall begin to see the full development of the power and glory of a Christian Socialism. Christianity is yet to govern and pervade the laws, as well as the customs and usages, of a regenerated world.

C.

"IRRELIGIOUS STEAMSHIPS."

A communication bearing this title appeared on the first page of *The Independent* of March 11. It came from a responsible person, and though written with some tartness—perhaps unnecessary, although it may have been provoked—it bore upon its face the appearance of candor and of truth. We know that the author of that communication would not make an intentional misrepresentation of facts; and he knew that he was in a position where he would be likely to hear from his statements, and to have them confirmed or denied by hundreds who have had opportunity to test their truth. The substance of the communication was that on the outward voyage of the Georgia to Panama in December, the Captain refused the request of the passengers (both cabin and steerage) to have preaching on board on the Sabbath, under the pretext that he did not wish to give offense to different denominations; that the captain betrayed the real motive for the refusal by the remark that "Preaching is a nuisance, the world over:" and that throughout the same day "those so disposed were allowed without restraint to offend the eyes and ears of those who wished to keep the Sabbath holy, by card-playing, firing of pistols, and singing ribald and licentious songs."

Since his return to this port, Captain Porter has published in the *New York Herald*, March 27, his reply to the allegations of our correspondent. Had the Captain offered his reply to us in the first instance, we should willingly have published it; or had the officers of the "United States Mail Steamship Company," sent us a card containing the regulations of their ships relative to card-playing, and to Sabbath-worship, that would have been conspicuously inserted; but, in the absence of either of these, we must endeavor to do justice to all parties from such materials as are placed at our disposal. We therefore insert the Captain's letter entire. For the sake of the Company we are sorry that the Captain has not been able to make out a more favorable case, and that the defense, such as it is, abounds so much in the dialect called "slang," that it cannot fairly represent the respectable gentlemen who manage the affairs of the Company.

The reader will perceive at a glance that Captain Porter's letter confirms all the main facts in J. R.'s communication. It admits that preaching was not permitted on the Sabbath referred to, though it gives an additional reason—which, probably, was not conveyed to J. R.—viz.: the risk of accident to the crowd. It admits also that the immoralities that J. R. charges were allowed, though it attempts to justify these by reference to the Captain's peculiar standard of morality, and by abundant sneers at the "holy men" with whom he has occasionally been brought into contact, without, it would seem, becoming infected with their sanctity.

Since the Captain has volunteered a confession of his faith, and in particular has given his views of the divine clemency and the ground of his own hope for the future, our readers will be enabled to judge for themselves how far a person entertaining such opinions is likely to regard preaching as "a nuisance" whether at sea or on shore.

We do not doubt that J. R. would be able to confirm his statement by competent witnesses; but to procure these would require a delay of several weeks, and we are anxious to do early justice to the Captain and the Company. The Captain, we have reason to believe, is a very competent seaman, and a clever, well-meaning person. He has such qualifications for his post as the Company would seek in a business capacity. We presume, however, that the officers of the Company do not take it upon them to indorse the religious opinions of persons in their service. Skill in navigation is quite a different thing from skill in dialectics or in theology, and a point of the compass is another thing from a point of morals—as the Captain's letter most clearly shows. The Company, we believe, design to have the Sabbath and the Christian religion treated with general respect on board their ships; they have often shown favors to ministers—home missionaries and others—in their rates of passage to California; public worship has frequently been held on their ships upon the Sabbath; but we do not know that they have any definite regulations in that matter, and we presume it is left to the judgment or the caprice of the Captain. Perhaps this is as good a position for the whole subject as is possible, provided that public sentiment is allowed a voice when any special violation of courtesy or of morality has occurred.

WORSHIPING CHRIST.

On the first page will be found an interesting article from the *Christian Register*, on the subject of the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is proper to state that the article is not editorial, and that the *Register* records a partial dissent from its positions. It says—

"[We do not think that we differ much from our correspondent. His strictures on our remarks seem more captious than substantial. Our first correspondent had asked whether it were proper to worship Christ. Our reply was, 'we may worship him,' *i. e.* he is a proper object of worship. Our reference to the worship of kings was only to show that the Bible recognizes different degrees of worship, not that we were under no greater obligation to worship Christ than to worship kings. The difficulty with us in this republican country is, that the word worship is confined almost exclusively to that act of supreme homage and adoration which is due to God alone, and if we use it as the Scriptures do, in an inferior sense, we are likely to be misunderstood. With E. E. we say, 'Let us worship God as God,' and 'Christ as the Son of God, the Redeemer,' &c. This language implies the different degrees of homage which we insist upon. To honor the Son even as we honor the Father, does not imply the same degree of honor in one case as the other. As we honor the Father, so should we honor the Son. As we honor the king, so should we honor his representative.]"

We would not intermeddle with a discussion which is conducted with so much candor and regard for truth, and which is likely to lead to results beneficial to the cause of truth. Still we should be gratified to know how the *Register* disposes of the fact, that Christ permitted Thomas, without rebuke, to adore him as his Lord and his *God*; and of the declaration in Hebrews 1: 5, 6 pointedly applied to Christ—"Let all the angels of God worship him." What must that being be whom the Father himself requires the angels to worship, with such homage and adoration as the Apocalypse represents as rendered to Christ in heaven!

We believe that Jesus Christ was truly and fully a man, and we love to dwell upon his humanity; and yet we believe from the Scriptures that it is our duty to render him the same honor that we render to the Father. What we have said in another column with reference to art, of the necessity of some tangible object of faith and of worship, has an important bearing upon this subject.

RESPONSES TO THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.

We have received several responses from ministers in different parts of the country relative to the proposed Congregational Convention. A minister in western New York suggests that the Convention should be held at Canandaigua in connection with the meeting of the General Association of New York, in the month of August. To this, however, there are two objections; first—it would overcharge the hospitality of the good people of Canandaigua, and secondly it would give the Convention too much of a local State character. We agree with our correspondent that it is "of great importance that the measure should be carried out in the most effectual manner."

A pastor in Michigan approves of Albany as the place, and proposes the month of August or September as the time, because this would be likely to accommodate western ministers on their way to or from College commencements and the meeting of the Board.

The following communication is from a responsible source in the State of Illinois:

"I notice the proposition for a General Convention of Congregationalists and regard it with warm favor. There are three objects which I would hope might be accomplished by such a Convention.

"1. To give the scattered Congregationalists of the West a feeling of oneness with their brethren in the older states, and a better assurance than they have hitherto had of their sympathy and fraternal regard.

"To call out a general and a warm and healthful expression of views on the vexed question of the relations of missions and Missionary Boards to slavery.

"3. To produce a common and a reasonable understanding of our relations to other denominations of Christian brethren, and especially to Presbyterians.

"As to the time when the Convention is to be held, September next is as early as it can be assembled with any hope of its being general. If the notice is issued for this spring, it will be found too short for Western brethren. I should have no hesitation in urging that it cannot be either earlier than July or later than September without great loss so far as the West is concerned: and of the three months within that range I think the preference should be given to September.

"As is the place, I like your views as put forth in *The Independent*. If there were any Congregational strength at Buffalo I should say that is the place. If eastern men will go to Cleveland or Hudson I should like it still better. But in the failure of both these conditions I should say the most westerly point in New York which will be accessible, attractive, and abounding in good Congregational hospitality. If Albany is that place, say Albany. Or if New England can't get so far West as that, or if Albany will be deficient in Congregational sympathy and hospitality (for I think that an important matter), then say New York or Brooklyn."

There will be no lack of accommodations and of sympathy at Albany. No other city on the route to Buffalo, inclusive, has a Congregational church of any size or strength. Another pastor in Michigan recommends Penn Yan: but that is too much aside from the main route. He also recommends September as the time.

For the Independent.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A manly rebuke from one religious man to another, for opinions which he conceives incorrect, is all right. Hard words may sometimes not be out of place. There are expressions, however, in the recent article of your contributor "C.," in regard to myself, which hardly seem, under any circumstances, justifiable or courteous. I think "C." himself on reflection will admit it. For myself, I early made the resolution, which I hope to have strength to stand by, to indulge in no personalities in the discussion of a *Principle*. Our discussions in America, both on politics and religion, have had enough of this personal invective. To put an opponent's feelings, or to blacken his character, can never in the least help on the progress of Truth.

There is a practice, however, of controversialists, which we have a right to expose and denounce wherever we see it: which would be trickery in other circumstances, and which is unworthy of an honest man. I mean the applying of words used by an opponent, in one connection, to an entirely different subject, and then ringing the changes on them till the reader's mind is utterly perverted as to their original meaning. In this case, "C." may not have understood my language, and I would merely call the reader's attention to the misuse in his article, of my words "*rowé*," "man-of-the-world," &c., &c.

Mr. "C."'s position in the community is, of course, much better known than mine, and many may draw their impressions of my views from his article. Possibly, too, I have not expressed myself fully enough, and some whom I really respect may have misunderstood me.

My idea, then, is this. There is in every period of the world some peculiar type of religious character prominent. At one time the emotional element is uppermost, giving it its shape; at another, the intellectual; at one time the sterner virtues, at another, the gentler; and so the different traits, accidentally prominent, give in each age a peculiar form and fashion to the religious nature. These different manifestations of religious principle are a necessary result perhaps of human weakness. Yet I believe that these developments move steadily on. Man is to approach thus step by step, by new trial and circumstance, the only complete Expression,—in the character of Christ.

One type thus may be said "to pass away," though in reality it does not pass away. It is the core, or the substance for a new form; it is one element in a new development. Neither "C." nor any other man can stop this progress. He may admire and respect some form of human piety which has been, but he is not to hold by it as if there were no other. If he does, the age will pass by him, and his influence over men of his own times and circumstances will be gone. "Puritanism" has done a noble and grand work which mankind will never forget or cease to feel. But it is not the only or the highest type of religious character. It had its defects, its limitations, as all human expressions of religious principle must. There may be, possibly, in these new circumstances of ours, a higher and more complete form to be developed—to be implanted on that strong, stern character—one that shall express not only the stern, manly traits visible in Christ's nature, but also his winning, social, genial qualities.

There is a class of men, however, with us, who so love "Puritanism," that they would force on us the *shell* of that noble principle, if they cannot find the spirit. If we *must* have the Puritan type back again, do let us have it as it was. Give us the heroism, the inspiration, the daring, the *Reform* which animated that magnificent character—and not the gloom, the asceticism, the narrowness of sectarian opinion, which only formed its exterior.

On returning home from abroad, I was struck with the want exhibited through family-life here of healthy cheerfulness, of sociality, geniality, and the more tender and kindly expressions of affection. It seemed to me that in the German and Irish homes I had visited, the religious principle expressed itself more in these kindly, pleasant, social ways; more in the petty self-sacrifices and attentions of every-day life, than, as with us, in the grander efforts.

Very many sensible men here, I find,—not suffering under the "evil effects of foreign travel"—feel this same defect in American life. They and I wish a different aspect to our piety, to our intercourse, our family-life—something more lovely and attractive, something which shall win over many who are now utterly repelled. "C." and no clergyman who does not mingle generally with men, can appreciate how large the number is of young men in our cities, men often of genius and high aspirations, or men degraded by sensuality, who are entirely driven away from religious influence by the asceticism, the gloom, the narrowness of sympathy, the denunciation expressed by some of our religious teachers, or in the lives of many religious men.

The influence of these teachers and that of Christ seem the very opposite. With him, the class most affected by his words and character, were the sensual and degraded; with these, it is always the class least influenced. They thunder from the pulpit or they tread coldly on in the routine of piety, while the tide of passionate, lustful, sinful beings hurries by, without being for a moment arrested. Yet these, in all the whirl of passion and crime, have their better longings, ideals, hopes for something purer and happier. There was ONE once on earth who could win them—sin-stained as they are—in tears and love to himself. Might not a more genial and sympathizing piety effect it now? I am confirmed in my hopes for a new form of religious character, by the very manifest results upon the young men of a more pleasant and social style of piety, now showing itself in our sister city, Brooklyn. May this but be the beginning!

It is true, as "C." says, we want stern, strong souls. But the highest of all strength is that which is softened and mellowed by *Love*. To be bitter, or to be ascetic, or to denounce is easy enough; but to be at once stern in duty, indomitable under reproach and persecution, and at the same time affectionate, sympathizing and hearty in the every day relations of life, is one of the highest attainments of manhood, and which no weakness can ever reach. It is my experience, too, that the best spirits in all lands, those who are working most practically and steadily for humanity, who are most sacrificing comforts and selfish interests for His cause, belong *not* to the ascetic, cold, stern-minded class, but are of the social, genial, sympathizing cast.

In observing these faults of character after my return, I could not but notice some of the movements in progress for the spread of religious principle. They have seemed to me—and I find also to many through the community—not based always on the highest idea of religious development; making piety too much a thing of times, of excitements, of spasmodic moods and states of feeling. They have seemed to forget too much that religion is in CHARACTER, in the steady growth of principle and feeling, manifesting itself and testing itself by action and life. They have made "experiences"—by which I mean transient states of feeling—too important, and have neglected the development of religion in every day virtues, and in the continuing cheerfulness, and affection and sociality of home-life. Such strong means may be sometimes necessary to rouse a community to thought upon the great subject; but to build up the best and most persistent religious character, we doubt their efficacy. However, on a point of this kind, where so many whom I highly respect differ from me, I would speak diffidently and respectfully.

Yet if the subject does admit of discussion, no offense can certainly be taken at honest views of this kind being put forward; and certainly they do not call for any such spirit or tone as that manifested in the article of your contributor "C."—or that one Christian man should tell another he is approaching "enmity with God," because of a difference of opinion on such a matter!

Oh, that religious men, men governed by principle, might at length learn to discuss Truth without at once rising into rancor and denunciation! Why should the first free, honest inquiry always call down such a storm of reproach and invective? How can God's truth ever advance in the world, unless fair, candid, kindly discussion be allowed

HARMONY AMONG CHURCHES.—In KNOXVILLE, Ill., where there has not been the most happy state of feeling among the different churches, very evidently a different state of things prevails. The ministers and churches, of the Old School, New School and Congregationalists, have all united in inviting Rev. O. Parker to hold a union meeting with them, and the three denominations meet in one house. This is evidence of present good feeling, and ominous of success in their united effort.

PASTORAL LABORS FOR A REVIVAL.—There are two elements that seem to be essential to all successful efforts for the general revival of religion—*labor and union*. We copy an example from the *Presbyterian Herald*:

"The Presbytery of Maumee, in view of the very low state of religion in the churches under its care, resolved at its last meeting, to send its *missionary into each and every church of its churches, for the purpose of family visitation*, and direct personal efforts to deepen the state of piety among the people of God, and to bring the careless and impenitent to solemn reflection. One of the brethren after having gotten through his portion of the work thus writes us the result of his labors:

"'It has been to me a pleasant employment in many respects, and I believe has not been wholly without profit, not only to the churches, but to those engaged in it also. I am now more convinced than ever that the plan is a good one, and if adopted by all our Presbyteries, or something like it, much good might be expected to result to our whole church. The members of the different churches have been stirred up to greater diligence in the Master's service, and appear to be more earnest and importunate in prayer for the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit. And God has not yet himself without witness that "He is a prayer-hearing God." He has for his own name's sake blessed one of our feeble churches with the outpouring of his Spirit.'"

After describing a series of meetings extending through two weeks, resulting in the addition of twenty-two persons to the church, he adds:

"I trust the good work will still progress. It has thus far been a work of deep solemnity, and conviction for sin and guilt, and a felt sense of helplessness and entire dependence on the grace of God for deliverance. There has been no humor or excitement other than the deep, silent impressions of Divine truth, made powerful by the ever-blessed Spirit. The subjects of this revival are all young persons of adult age, and with three exceptions the children of the church—having received in infancy the seal of the covenant."

IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT.—A brother in Indiana writes us that, between the first Sabbath in February and the first in March, he preached thirty-seven times, conducted about twenty prayer or inquiry meetings, made four temperance speeches, and rode more than two hundred miles, exclusive of the distances in attending meetings in neighborhoods. He had no ministerial help beyond one prayer, offered by a Methodist brother. This is active ministerial life in truth. Let our eastern brethren come out and work for a while beside some of our western men, and they will obtain valuable lessons on the necessity of Church extension. —*Central Ch. Herald.*

CHURCH FORMED.—At Portland, Me., March 17, in the High-street meeting-house, a council convened and approbated the proceedings by which a number of persons from the Congregational churches in the city united themselves into a new society by the name of the State-street church. A sermon was preached by Rev. W. T. Dwight, D.D., a "prayer of consecration" by Dr. Carruthers, fellowship by Mr. Chickering, and charge by Mr. Adams, of Gorham. Nearly fifty members of the new church went out from High-street, and their late pastor, in his charge, observed that:—

"While, on behalf of the council, he was welcoming them, as a branch of Christ's church to the fellowship of sister churches, he was taking his farewell of them as constituent parts of his own flock. No more, as their pastor, would he visit them in sickness, or bury them with prayer. No individual suffers so much by the disruption of dear, long-continued ties, in consequence of this movement, as the pastor. And though he foresaw this, he was first in urging the enterprise as one called for by the exigencies of the city, and has been constant in encouraging it forward in its organization, simplifying in a pre-eminent degree, that 'charity which seeketh not her own.' It has been, no doubt, a most trying operation to the High-street church, who have walked in sweet and undisturbed fellowship with these members for a series of years; but through the guidance and comfort of the Spirit, they have met it without complaint. The unity of spirit is unbroken. The other Congregational churches of the city, worshiping, as they do, towards the opposite extremity of the city, were not expected to contribute members to the new church; but both furnished enough to constitute a bond of union, which, it is hoped, will grow stronger and stronger. The result is their united work, and the prayers of all will call down blessings on their youngest sister, and they be blessed themselves in thus doing."

MINNESOTA.—Rev. T. R. Cressey, pastor of the Baptist church of Indianapolis, has resigned his pastorate and withdrawn his name from the list of candidates for the office of Superintendent of Public Institutions in Indiana, with the purpose of removing to Minnesota. The Cincinnati *Journal and Messenger* says:—

"Mr. Cressey came first west to Columbus in this state, where he labored seven and a half years, and succeeded in establishing a vigorous church in that city. His works do follow him there. He then spent two years as pastor of the First Church in this city. Then served one and a half years as agent of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Then, subsequently, to the present time, for six years, has been the efficient pastor of the church in Indianapolis. Under his labors there, a vigorous church has thrived, which has, within the last year, finished one of the finest meeting-house structures in that capital city. In the important relation in which he stood to the domestic mission organization, as well as to all other enterprises of our brethren in that State, his labors have been deeply felt, and in that aspect, his loss will be a very *serious* one."

ELDER COLVER.—Rev. Nathaniel Colver has resigned the pastorate of the Tremont-street church, Boston—a relation which has been sustained for the last thirteen years. Mr. C. has accepted the call of the church and society in South Abington, where he will find an "open door," a revival of religion, as we learn, having already there commenced. His relation to the church and society that he leaves, has been one of great harmony, and he retires from a long and pleasant connection with the people whom he has faithfully served, followed by the manifest tokens of kind and attached feeling. The congregations at Tremont Temple have been unusually large, especially Sabbath afternoons, and all who know the theological views and ability of the late pastor at that place, will not doubt that there has been food with which he has been widely known. Not a few "sheaves" have already been gathered.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

PHILADELPHIA.—The Presbyterian churches are weakened by the loss of some of their ablest and most efficient pastors. Dr. Parker has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Bleecker-street church, New York city; Mr. Green, a young man of high promise, has removed to Princeton, to fill the chair of Biblical Exegesis; and it is rumored that Dr. Junkin will shortly receive an appointment to the chair of Philosophy, recently created in the same institution. These losses cannot readily be supplied. Dr. Berg, the great champion of Protestantism in our city, and the leader of the Evangelical party in the German Reformed Church, has also resigned.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A letter from one of the ves us the following gra-

t reason to be thankful us; that eight or ten of easing a hope that they themselves to the ers are awakened to the Among the former are y unconverted members

than usual seriousness in his term. God seems to st prayer to many of his th a series of meetings ssrs. Wickes and Gould, of the impenitent was rayer for colleges was a terest. Rev. Mr. Kinga- us on that and several ors seem to have been ven to some who were itution. We trust this finished. O that our the source from which h men, furnished in head he holy ministry, and be to God for the descent of e."—*Cen. Ch. Her.*

COLLEGE.—Letters te- dents of the Cincinnati that Jefferson College is ival. A large number ously inquiring, whilst Lord. The work has ale seminary, which is influence. It is stated itution is universal. It f extraordinary power.

LE, O.—The Lord has "list these places. fifty conversions in each geville eleven have been

WESLEYAN AFFAIRS.—A very large bequest, and the efforts of the preachers will keep the revenue of the Wesleyan Missionary Society up to its average amount—probably £100,000—but the Society is in a state afflictive to every enlightened and Christian mind. The Society has been perfected as a clerical organization, and wielded with great skill; but mental prostration and spiritual death has come with this perfection of "church organization." There are some interesting churches forming by the seceding and expelled and persecuted Wesleyans.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE. — The next meeting of this body, which assembles once in four years, will be held in Boston, early in April. The session will continue about five weeks, during which time *Zion's Herald* is to be issued as a daily, at $1 for the session, and will contain faithful reports of the proceedings.

METHODIST CHURCH EXTENSION.—Aristarchus Champion, Esq. of Rochester, has given $10,000 to the M. E. Church in that city, for erecting *ten churches*, to be worth, when completed, two thousand dollars each. Five of these churches are to be erected on the east, and five on the west side of the river, and are to be completed as soon as practicable. Dr. Luckey has entered into bonds with Mr. Champion, as a representative on the part of the Conference. Mr. Champion is a Presbyterian, and well known as a philanthropist and a Christian gentleman of high moral purposes.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Mr. Wingate, the Scotch missionary, that was expelled from Pesth by the Austrian Government, on the last Sabbath before his expulsion, preached upon the parable of the ten virgins; dwelling especially on the words—"*The door was shut.*" The next day, when the people heard of the edict of expulsion, they came to ask him if he knew of it when he preached—supposing of course that he had preached with special reference to it—though in fact he knew nothing of it. Yet at the very time of his preaching, the government messengers were at his house for the purpose of communicating the order of expulsion.

INSTALLATION.—The Rev. W. De Losse Love, of New Haven, having accepted the call of the Eastern Congregational Church of this city (corner of Madison and Gouverneur-sts.), will be publicly installed as pastor on Monday evening next, April 5, at 7½ o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Ray Palmer, of Albany.

Rev. S. H. Weston, who has for four or five years past officiated as deacon in Trinity Church, was admitted to the Priesthood on Thursday morning. The solemn ceremonies of ordination were conducted by Bishop Chase, of New Hampshire.

The congregation worshiping in St. Luke's Hall, corner of Hudson and Grove-streets, under the care of Rev. John Little, was organized into a Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening, by Rev. Dr. Phillips, assisted by Rev. Mr. Rankin.

Rev. Rufus Taylor, late of Shrewsbury, N. J., has accepted the call of the church in Manchester, to supply the vacancy made by the death of his brother.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* of Wednesday says that Bishops Meade of Virginia, Burgess of Maine, and McIlvaine of Ohio, are now in that city, inquiring into the charges recently submitted to them by certain laymen of New Jersey against Bishop Doane.

DONATIONS TO A.B.C.F. MISSIONS.—Donations received in February, $22,056.03. Total for August 1st, to February 29th, $163,599.98.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—We understand that Rev. Benjamin M. Smith, of Staunton, Va., has been elected Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, in place of Dr. Lyburn, resigned. Mr. Smith is a gentleman of fine talents, great energy of character, and fitted to be a useful officer.

Rev. Wm. E. Schenck has been invited to remove from Princeton, N. J., to Philadelphia, to promote the work of Church Extension in that city and vicinity.

MR. HOLBROOK'S WILL.—Mr. Holbrook, who died lately in this city, leaves $100,000, one quarter to his widow, and the remainder to the Bible, Tract, and other benevolent institutions.

DISMISSED.—Rev. Edward C. Pritchett has been dismissed from the pastoral charge of the Congregational church at Central Falls, R. I., at his own request, on account of the bad effect of the climate on the health of his family. The church and the council expressed their regrets at the necessity, and commended Mr. P. as an able and faithful minister.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.—This society have unanimously voted to have a colleague pastor with Rev. Dr. Blagden.—*Boston Trans.*

CHANGE.—Rev. Jas. Davies, pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church of Cincinnati, has resigned his charge, and accepted a call to the Cambrian Congregational Church, Putnam county, Ohio.

A number of missionaries from the M. E. Church will sail for California on the 9th of April. Among them will be Rev. James Hunter, A. S. Gibbons, Elijah Merchant, W. J. Maclay, from the Baltimore Conference, J. Swanzey, from the Pittsburgh do., and J. D. Blaine, from the New Jersey Conference. John Dillon of the Ohio Conference, goes out at the same time for Oregon.

Rev. Chester Fitch has, at his own request, been dismissed from the First Congregational Church, West Marlboro', Mass., where he has labored successfully nearly twelve years.

RECANTATION.—John Erpenstein, under sentence of death at Newark, N. J., and a Romanist, has recently renounced his Romish faith and announced his intention of dying a Protestant. His spiritual adviser is Rev. Mr. Winnis, a German Presbyterian clergyman.

BUDDHISM AND POPERY.—Dr. Dawson, Baptist missionary in Burmah, states that every enlightened Burman that knows anything about their system, declares that it is absurd, and deems it a long step to become a Roman Catholic; for, says he, "as a Buddhist, I am merely required to worship the image of a man, but as a Catholic I should have to worship the image of a woman," which his very nature abhors!

WARREN, O.—A protracted meeting is now in progress at the M. E. Church in this place, and quite a revival of religion has taken place. Already a number of conversions have occurred, and accessions made to the membership.—*Warren Trun.*

The Edwards Church and Society in Northampton have invited Rev. Gordon Hall of Wilton, Ct., to become their pastor.

The receipts of the American Tract Society for January were $35,342 37, a larger sum than has ever been realized in the same month heretofore.

LITERARY.

The Standard.—In this country we have to resort to inference in order to ascertain the standard of language. Webster's Dictionary seems to be the foremost, judging from such statements as the following:

"Under the provision of the Massachusetts Legislature, placing a copy of an English Dictionary, at the expense of the State, in each District School of the Commonwealth, 2035 of the Districts selected WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY as their STANDARD work, and 105 only of another work—30 to 1. Webster's minor works are also used more extensively than any other, and a very large proportion of the school books used through the country are based upon Dr. Webster's system, as contained in the recent revised editions of his works. Between 7000 and 8000 of the Districts in the State of New York have also taken Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, under the provision of the last Legislature for that purpose."

Paris.—M. Feuillet de Conches has in press the whole original correspondence between Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

"Sunnyside." The 11th thousand is announced. The *Protestant Churchman* says:

"We would recommend that a copy be procured for the edification of such Vestries and Trustees (*if such there be*) as have fallen into the slovenly and sinful practice of leaving back or keeping down the hire of their laborers. The Flock as well as the Shepherd may profit by this simple narrative."

Salander and the Dragon.—John S. Taylor, 142 Nassau-street, has issued a new edition of this spicy and popular satire, with considerable additions by the author. 18mo. pp. 250. The author of Salander is Rev. Frederic Shelton, of the Episcopal church. He is also understood to be the identical "Vagstaff" who edits with such consummate drollery the popular "Bunkum Flagstaff" in the pages of our *Knick.*

Zehokke.—Journal of a Poor Vicar. By Zehokke. Translated from the German. Published by J. S. Taylor. 18mo. pp. 74. A match for "Sunnyside."

Franklin's Lost Work.—A London periodical entitled *Notes and Queries* announces the recovery of the first work of Benjamin Franklin, entitled, "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain, in a Letter to a Friend"; printed in London in 1725, when he was only eighteen years old, and designed in part as an answer to Wollaston's "Religion of Nature." But few copies were printed, and most of them were destroyed by Franklin himself. Mr. Crossley recently discovered a copy in a volume of bound tracts, from the library of Rev. S. Harper. It is an 8vo., of 16 closely printed pages.

"Musings of an Invalid." Second edition. Published by John S. Taylor, 142 Nassau-street. 12mo. pp. 281. In his prefatory note, the author pleads guilty to a little disingenuousness, and says:

"Had he really been the poor, miserable dog of an Invalid that he personates, he never would have presumed to inflict his sentiments upon the public. On the contrary, he is so fortunate in this regard, (and he speaks, he trusts, with becoming gratitude,) that the bowl of an acorn would hold all the medicine, be it in the shape of pill, lotion, or powder, that has darkened the door of his stomach for the last five years."

Lecturing.—It is said that E. P. Whipple has delivered his fifty-third lecture for the season, and O. W. Holmes his fifty-sixth; also that Mr. Saxe has delivered his poem about forty times.

Paintings.—Mr. Boker's collection of pictures by the Old Masters, now exhibiting on the right hand wall of the Dusseldorf Gallery, is to be sold at public auction. Mr. Boker has had peculiar facilities for making a valuable collection.

"The International."—The last issue of this able and spirited magazine, being Vol. V. No. 4, has made its appearance, with the announcement that henceforward the publication is merged in Harper's; which is sustained by greater commercial facilities.

Bancroft.—"History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. IV." 8vo. pp. 462. With a portrait of John Adams. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Sermon.—"The Prince of Life, and the Repentance that he Giveth." A sermon preached at the burial of Hon. Herman Downs Gould, late M.C., Delhi, N. Y. By Rev. D. Torrey, pastor of the church. pp. 29. Published by M. W. Dodd.

Anti-Prohibitory.—"The Law and the Offence: A Lecture on the subject of Prohibitory Laws in regard to Intoxicating Drinks." By Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, Cambridgeport. Takes the ground that

"If you want to do more to destroy temperance in one year than you can regain in five, pass this law; and the experiment and the strife which it will produce, are the very soil in which intemperance in drinking finds its most numerous and easy victims. Society has been stimulated till it has been strained. It needs repose and reflection."

Talisman.—"Frank Netherton; or the Talisman." Published by the Am. S. S. Union, Philadelphia; sold at their offices, 147 Nassau-street, New York; 9 Cornhill, Boston; and 103 Fourth-street, Louisville. 18mo. pp. 196.

Nathaniel Cheever.—The "Memorials of the Life and Trials of a Youthful Christian" has been republished in London by Routledge. The critic of the *British Banner* warmly recommends the work.

"The deceased appears to have been very lovable, and consequently much beloved both within and without his own circle. The portrait drawn of him in the introduction is deeply affecting, and we doubt not, its perusal will moisten many an eye. He appears at an early period to have been brought to the knowledge of the Gospel, and to have adorned it to the close of his brief pilgrimage. The volume is sketchily written, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Abbott's works; but, withal, its great object is never lost sight of, and all that would seem extrinsic is still rendered tributary to the general object."

Abbott.—Among the passengers who sailed in the Arctic on Saturday was the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who visits Paris for the purpose of collecting additional materials for the history and life of the Emperor Napoleon, in writing which Mr. A. has for some time been engaged for the Harpers.

Egypt.—"A Pilgrimage to Egypt, embracing a Diary of Explorations on the Nile; with observations illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the People, and of the present condition of the Antiquities and Ruins." By J. V. C. Smith, M.D., Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. 12mo. pp. 318. With numerous engravings.

Etymology for Children.—"Children: their Hydropathic Treatment in Health and Disease." A descriptive and practical work. By Joel Shew, M.D. Fowlers and Wells, publishers, 131 Nassau-street. 12mo. pp. 432.

Waterbury.—The American Tract Society publish two little works by Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D., of Boston.

1. "Who are the Happy? or, Piety the only Foundation of true and substantial Joy." 18mo. pp. 154.
2. "Considerations for Young Men." 18mo. pp. 172.

The Crisis.—"The Approaching Crisis: not a Political Renovation of the Nations, but the establishment of the Kingdom of God." An Exposition of the Closing Chapters of the Apocalypse. Published at Boston by John V. Himes, 8 Chardon-street. 18mo. pp. 80.

Appletons.—"Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors." The volume before us is "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton." 12mo. pp. 222.

A Barrister.—"The Experiences of a Barrister." By Warren Warner, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Published by Cornish, Lamport & Co., 8 Park Place.

Vespucius.—"The Life and Voyages of Americus Vespucius, with Illustrations concerning the Navigator, and the Discovery of the New World." By C. Edwards Lester and Andrew Foster. Published at New Haven by Horace Mansfield. 8vo. pp. 131.

Life of Budgell.—"The Successful Merchant: Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgell, late of Kingswood-Mill." By William Arthur, A.M. Published by Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street. 18mo. pp. 411.

Way to do Good.—The third volume of Jacob Abbott's "Young Christian Series" is published by the Harpers, in fine style, uniform with the "Young Christian" and the "Corner Stone." 12mo. pp. 402. "Very greatly improved and enlarged, with numerous engravings."

Jordan.—"The Jordan and the Dead Sea." From the London edition. 18mo. pp. 261. Published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, Boston, and sold here by M. W. Dodd.

Will-Forgers.—"The Will-Forgers; or, the Church of Rome." A story, said to be true in its main features, but told for the purpose of elucidating the great forgery of Rome. Same publishers. 18mo. pp. 90.

FOREIGN.

The British steamer *Europa* arrived here on Friday morning, and the *Canada* arrived at Halifax on Tuesday, bringing news to March 20.

Parliament re-assembled on the 12th. In the House of Lords, Lord Beaumont gave notice of a petition to be presented in favor of free trade, in connection with which, he intended to put the question to Lord Derby, whether he intended to recommend any alteration of the present Navigation Laws, so far as concerns Malta. On the following day the subject was discussed in the Chamber of Deputies, and the Ministers promised to communicate all the papers relative to the affair.

In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell withdrew the Parliamentary Representation Bill, stating that he had introduced it as a minister of the crown, but he did not think that as a private member he could carry it through.

On the 19th, Lord Derby announced his determination to dissolve the parliament as soon as the necessary bills had been passed, and so let the question between protection and free trade be decided by the people.

The two great parties, protectionists and free traders, were busy preparing for the electioneering campaign, and all the leading constituencies had been addressed by candidates aspiring to the office of representatives.

Lord Eglinton had held his first levee and drawing room as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; they were numerously attended, far beyond anything known since the days of Earl Gray's vice-royalty.

"Comparative Tables" recently prepared by order of the British parliament prove, that cheap food is promotive of public morality. When bread is cheap—and it is cheaper now in England than for seventy years before—more marriages are solemnized, more children born, and crime and pauperism diminish.

No decision has yet been come to respecting the disposal of the surplus funds arising from the receipts connected with the great exhibition. It appears, however, to be well understood that the funds will be divided either for purposes connected with the application of art to the manufactures of the country.

The engineers' or iron workers' strike is said to have been a loss to all parties of about £210,000. (Suldenly throwing any portion of the social machinery "out of gearing" is always expensive.) Out of the employees 730 have given in to the employers and returned to work.

Smith O'Brien is at present acting as classical tutor in the family of Dr. Brook, in Van Diemen's Land.

The return from the Bank of England for the week ending the 6th of March gives the amount of notes in circulation £20,237,320, being a decrease of £286,150; and the stock of bullion in both departments, £19,410,070.

France.—Carnot has been elected to the Chamber from Paris.

The Mint has coined 2,000,000 five franc pieces bearing the effigy of the President of the Republic.

Armand Marrast, one of the leaders of the revolution of 1848, died in Paris on the 11th March.

The Bishop of Orleans had declined to accept the seal of supreme counsel of public instruction, to which he was appointed.

It was said the civil list of Louis Napoleon would be 800,000f. free from the charge of maintaining the royal establishments, which fell upon Louis Philippe.

Switzerland has made peace with France, by abandoning honor and independence. Content to have existence hereafter by sufferance of the French government, she ceases to appear as a power on earth, and sinks to the base level of a dependency. The refugees have been expelled; and, if Sardinia yields, as she will doubtless be obliged to, to the same dictation, the last avowed republican will be expelled from the European continent. A melancholy fact! Can it be that liberal principles are losing ground in the world?

Austria.—Lord Derby's accession to power in England had given great satisfaction to the Court of Vienna. The government had resolved to abstain from the reprisals upon English travelers previously threatened in consequence to the counterbalance given in England to the continental refugees.

A letter from Trieste states that it is in contemplation by the Lloyd's Company to form a line of steamers between that port and New York.

Russia.—The correspondence of Bohemia, under date of Kalisch, 22d ult., says:—"In addition to forty-two vessels of war, well armed, which Russia has in the Baltic, she has from fifty to sixty in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof."

Prussia.—Mr. Barnard, Ambassador of the United States at Berlin, is gone to Naples, where he will stay two or three months; during his absence Mr. Fay, first secretary to the American embassy, will take the functions of charge d'affaires.

Government has directed the opening of the ports of the kingdom, to the importation of corn, free of duty until the next harvests have been got in.

Rome.—The toleration of the Sardinian government of Protestant places of worship, has greatly incensed the Roman prelacy, and the various and manifold causes of disagreement will be found difficult to adjust.

The London *Times* says it has taken some pains to ascertain the number of persons arrested in France within the last few weeks, and it is assured, by the best authorities, speaking on sufficient evidence, that the number probably reaches 100,000.

The *Presse* mentions that several Swiss officers of the staff who were in Paris have received orders from the government to return home immediately.

Germany.—Letters from Bremen state that emigration from that port is now taking place to an extent unknown in any previous season. The trains have been bringing during the last ten days 600 emigrants each, and the consequent bustle of the town is quite exciting.

A letter from Vienna describes the sufferings from famine to be excessive in various parts of Germany. It says troubles and bad government seem to have deprived humble men of all heart and energy. They have left their fields uncultivated for miles, lest the rude hands of some hateful soldiery should seize or destroy the fruits of their labor. The consequence of this is something very like a famine in many parts of Europe. The accounts from Poland are most disheartening. In the Carpathians people are literally starving. There is no bread at all.

The Palatinate.—The *Christian Times* of London, copies at full length, from the *Independent* of New York, Mr. Brace's letters from Hungary.

Russian Oppression.—The Switzerland correspondent of the *Christian Times*, under date of Feb. 16, writes—

"Very lately a Russian family of rank, which had been staying in this country, returned to their residence in Esthonia; at the frontier the works of Vinet and Horace Monod were retained by the custom-house officers. It seems the Imperial censor has very much the same likings and dislikings as the Papal censure, and is especially vigilant to keep vital Christianity out of the Baltic provinces."

Love of Art.—At the Middlesex session, February 16, Charles Pickering, a respectable teacher, was arraigned for stealing 240 prints from the British Museum. His counsel entered a plea of "guilty," and appealed to the compassion of the court.

As a connoisseur, he had too earnestly desired to possess those prints, not for the purpose of converting them into money, but as rarities and specimens of art, and, as literatis and connoisseurs did, cared only for the possession of the object of his pursuit and desire. The prisoner had not converted these articles into money; they were found in an album in his possession. The prisoner acknowledged his error, he was a candidate for the merciful consideration of the court.

He was sentenced to three months at hard labor.

Rome.—Letters mention many arrests in the Provinces of persons who had celebrated the anniversary of the republic on the 9th. The Pope, having still the head of Joseph Mazzini before him, has given orders to have no more children baptized with the name of Joseph.

At the recent ceremony in Rome of blessing the candles, all the ministers of Roman Catholic Powers were present with a blessed taper, and some twelve English noblemen and gentlemen likewise knelt to the Pope for this donation. It is remarked that all these ceremonies are frequented principally by strangers. "A Roman, to whom I was speaking on the subject," says the correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, "very coolly rejoined that they were chiefly kept for them. Sundays and weekdays the Roman Catholic churches are thronged by English clergymen and laymen, with their families, to listen to the chanting of masses and the singing of anthems. The white cravat and black coat, now strictly worn by the British ecclesiastic, are not unremarkable by the inhabitants of Rome; and I have lately heard that even the cause of this general dress, as formerly the English clergyman was not to be distinguished from his fellow-countrymen."

Austria.—The Hungarians and Italians remain true to their passive resistance system. Eight persons of distinction, who are said to be deeply compromised, were brought to Vienna from Galicia two or three nights ago, but the circumstance is known only to the few. The state of the finances is still extremely unsatisfactory, and is likely to continue so until a radical cure is undertaken.

The Austrian papers amuse their readers with the most contradictory reports respecting the representative of the United States. According to one paper, "Mr. M'Cordy has received his passports;" according to another, "the Charge d'Affaires from the United States has not been requested to leave Vienna." The truth is, says a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, that the gentleman in question is quietly awaiting the result of the Chevalier Hulsemann's violent "flare-up" at Washington.

Cleopatra's Needle.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Hume, stated, that in consequence of the great expense it would occasion, it was not proposed to bring over Cleopatra's Needle.

Telegraph.—The receipts of the submarine telegraph between Dover and Calais were for the first month, 398 pounds; for the second, 517 pounds, and the third, 519 pounds sterling. The annual expense required is estimated at 2,000 pounds.

French Romance.—The productions of such writers as M. Eugene Sue have given place to an entirely new class of romance. Lately, on Sunday, Lord John had conferred with Mr. Cobden and Sir James Graham; the latter adheres to the free trade policy.

AGRICOLA.

GENERAL NEWS.

From California. — The steamer *Crescent City* arrived on Tuesday night from Chagres, with California news to March 2, 240 passengers and $1,500,000 in gold.

The passengers made the first trip over the Panama railroad, from Bayou Soldado to Navy Bay, some 22 miles, saving 35 miles of river travel. Every one seemed well pleased, and cheers were given at each end of the line. This assists the Isthmus a comfortable route for Europe by sufferers of the French government, she ceases to appear as a power on earth, and sinks to the base level of a dependency. The refugees have been expelled; and, if Sardinia yields, as she will doubtless be obliged to, to the same dictation, the last avowed republican will be expelled from the European continent. A melancholy fact! Can it be that liberal principles are losing ground in the world?

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Government has directed the opening of the ports of the kingdom, to the importation of corn, free of duty until the next harvests have been got in.

Rome.—The toleration of the Sardinian government of Protestant places of worship, has greatly incensed the Roman prelacy, and the various and manifold causes of disagreement will be found difficult to adjust.

Boston, March 29.—It is currently reported in State-street, this morning, that defalcations to the extent of $73,000 have been discovered in the Suffolk Bank since Saturday. The officers of the Bank have not yet made their official report. Clerks were engaged all Sunday in investigating the books, and have not yet finished.

Philadelphia, March 30.—Great alarm was occasioned in the Southeast Grammar School this afternoon, by some boys setting fire to some combustibles in the cellar immediately beneath their stairway, and but for the early discovery would have cut off the escape of 450 children.

Washington, March 30.—Twenty clerks have been removed from the Pension Bureau.

New Orleans, March 27.—Kossuth has arrived in this city. He made an address to the committee of reception, and intends addressing the public early next week. The weather here is quite hot.

Harrisburgh, March 31.—The law to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors has passed the Senate by a vote of 17 to 15.

Boston, March 31.—The Cunard steamship Canada arrived at her wharf at East Boston, at about 11 o'clock this morning.

The Tremont Temple was destroyed by fire this morning. The loss is about $200,000; the building was valued at $80,000; several persons were injured by the falling of the walls.

From the New York Herald, March 27th.

CAPT. PORTER AND THE GEORGIA STEAMSHIP —SERMONS TO HIS PASSENGERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

I notice in *The Independent* some remarks reflecting on me by a person who signs himself J. R., and who, I presume, is some unhappy and discontented person, who was not permitted to have the run of the Captain's room. Though I am not clothed with any ministerial attributes, the statement of a sailor will be received by quite as many as here in the assertions of J. R. There are always two sides to a story, and one looks very plausible until the other is told; and I hope to show that the whole article to which J. R. was ashamed to sign his name, bears the impress of untruth on the face of it.

To show how various are the opinions of gentlemen of the clergy with regard to my sincerity on religious matters, I beg leave to state that on my late trip to Chagres I received the public thanks of the clergyman from the pulpit (temporarily erected on the quarter deck of the Georgia), for the prompt manner with which I had acceded to their request, and the interest I had displayed in arranging the accommodations for passengers at Divine service, also for the order and decorum observed throughout the vessel during the voyage. I do not repeat this from any feeling of vanity, but merely to show that even holy preachers will sometimes differ in opinion.

Not desiring to come in under the head of "irreligious steamships," I will mention some facts that will refute, without further argument, all that has been said or written by *The Independent's* correspondent; though, perhaps, he may be a "divine," and if so, one who should not "bear false witness against his neighbor," and whose life should never breathe anything but truth. I once commanded the steamship Panama during a voyage of fourteen thousand miles, and I showed my "dislike to religion" by having divine service performed every Sunday with all the pomp and solemnity; and, moreover, since I have commanded the steamship Georgia, (over two years) I never have but on two occasions objected to the performance of religious service, and then my reasons were admitted to be good by the applicants. Though J. R. may have various notions about the rights of a captain to interfere with the religious enjoyments of the passengers, he has yet to learn that a captain is always the best judge, (at least would be voted so by the majority of such matters) when to interfere with the safety of the ship. On the occasion alluded to by J. R., there were 980 passengers on board the ship, and I gave as an answer to the application for religious service, that I did not think it safe to get any meeting that would cause the passengers to assemble in any one part of the ship, as it might cause some great calamity; I also did say, that as there were clergymen on board of different denominations it would not be desirable (as our voyage was but two days of the termination) to create any ill feeling amongst them.

I did also make the remark that, as far as my experience went, that preaching was not generally desired amongst the passengers, and I gave as a reason a circumstance that occurred on the previous voyage, which circumstance I will take this opportunity to relate:—

A person who formed companionship with two clergymen on their way to California, and who was under the impression that I had any objection to his opening a faro bank in the social hall. I told him that I had great objections, and the principal objection was "that he should not do it." On the next day (Sunday) the same individual came to me, and asked me if I had any objection to having divine service. I replied, "No," and remarked that I was glad to see him so much better employed than the day previous, though I had not faith in the purity of the applicant. In the middle of the service the preacher broke off from his discourse, and made use of offensive language to a knot of Californians, who, perhaps, indiscreetly allowed their thoughts to wander to the El Dorado of their visions, and were discussing together the hopes they entertained of realizing a golden harvest. I was not at all pleased with the spirit of the clergyman, and the passengers loudly expressed their many more preaching on board the ship. I make no comment on the above-mentioned facts, nor do I make these explanations for fear of ecclesiastical displeasure, as I shall always do exactly what my judgment tells me is right, independent of any such influences. I merely state the above to show that it is not always the desire of passengers to have preaching on board the ship.

The Independent's correspondent asserts that "on all that Sunday" those so disposed were permitted, without restraint, to offend the eyes and ears of those "who wished to keep the Sabbath holy, by card-playing, firing of pistols, and licentious songs." What a picture! What a field was here for a Christian preacher to use his influence, and go about amongst the passengers to bring about a better state of things! To have converted one of those sinners would have been a great triumph in the eyes of Heaven than to have preached for hours to those already converted. But this statement of *The Independent's* correspondent, and others of the same kind, only serve to show of the principles he professes. It was universally remarked that we had a very orderly and moral set of passengers; seven hundred of them were men from the Eastern States, men of "steady habits;" and no such occurrence as playing cards on a Sunday ever occurred on board. Sunday is a dull day at sea, at all times, and perhaps the more so from the beautiful weather. "Cloudless sky," "and boundless ocean," "without a ripple," to which J. R. so poetically alludes, produced the passengers to assemble in knots about the deck; the same influence may have induced them to indulge in singing "Old Uncle Ned," "Mary Blane," or "Lucy Neale"—beautiful melodies, which are sung nightly in New York by Christy's Minstrels to a moral and delighted audience, and I never before heard them libelled by being called "ribald or licentious." A moonlight night at sea! it is a lovely and magnificent sight. If man ever had music in his soul, he would put forth his voice on such nights as one sees in the Caribbean Sea; and as it is not every one who has the facility of singing hymns and psalms, those who are deficient in that talent may, in a measure, be excused if they amuse themselves by singing "Old Dan Tucker," "Lucy Long," "Jim Crow," &c.—songs that are purely national, and known to every little urchin who runs the streets. I know that, on such occasions, I have sometimes been so inspired myself, that I have, when asked to do so, sung "Billy Taylor," "Yankee Doodle," and, I dare say, perhaps, he may be a "divine," and if so, one who should not "bear false witness against his neighbor," and whose life should never breathe anything but truth. I once commanded the steamship Panama during a voyage of fourteen thousand miles, and I showed my "dislike to religion" by having divine service performed every Sunday with all the pomp and solemnity; and, moreover, since I have commanded the steamship Georgia, (over two years) I never have but on two occasions objected to the performance of religious service, and then my reasons were admitted to be good by the applicants. Though J. R. may have various notions about the rights of a captain to interfere with the religious enjoyments of the passengers, he has yet to learn that a captain is always the best judge, (at least would be voted so by the majority of such matters) when to interfere with the safety of the ship. On the occasion alluded to by J. R., there were 980 passengers on board the ship, and I gave as an answer to the application for religious service, that I did not think it safe to get any meeting that would cause the passengers to assemble in any one part of the ship, as it might cause some great calamity; I also did say, that as there were clergymen on board of different denominations it would not be desirable (as our voyage was but two days of the termination) to create any ill feeling amongst them.

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Editors' Cable.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE, OF BOOKS, &c., Places, and People. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1852.

Though by the reckoning of the seasons Miss Mitford should now be in "the sere and yellow leaf,"—which she naively acknowledges by quoting the memories of sixty years—yet by the freshness of the fruits she tenders us we must insist that the mellow, ripening autumn has hardly begun; indeed the greenness and the fragrance of the summer still linger around the neatly trimmed parterre where clusters of purple and of gold overhang the ivied walls. These "recollections" of a life, enriched amid the fields of English literature, where for golden fruits it has exchanged sweet and modest native flowers, interblend the seasons, and prolong the gladsome spring-time through the noon of summer into the very flush of autumn. We love those native flowers, modest though they be, because they are native. Our affection for them is like that of the authoress for the fresh simple ballads of an old west above the tinseled rhyme of more popular bards.

"Do people really prefer flowers made of silk and cambric, of gum and wire, the work of human hands, however perfect, to such as Mother Earth sends forth in the gushing Spring-time, full of sap and odor, sparkling with sunshine and dripping with dew?"

No, truly: at least we do not,—certainly not when nature's flowers are such as bloom in this charming picture of the home of childhood.

"A pleasant home, in truth, it was. A large house in a little town of the north of Hampshire—a town, so small that but for an ancient market, very slenderly attended, nobody would have dreamt of calling it anything but a village. The breakfast room, where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofas and its easy chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large, old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers—stocks, roses, honeysuckles, and pinks; and that again led into a grassy orchard, abounding with fruit-trees, a picturesque country church with its yews and lindens on one side, and beyond, a down as smooth as velvet, dotted with rich islands of coppice, hazel, woodbine, hawthorn, and holly reaching up into the young oaks, and overhanging flowery patches of primroses, wood-sorrel, wild hyacinths, and wild strawberries. On the side opposite the church, in a hollow fringed with alders and bulrushes, gleamed the bright clear lakelet, radiant with swans and water-lilies, which the simple towns-folk were content to call the Great Pond."

One finds in this volume less of personal narrative and incident, less of autobiography, and less also of contemporaneous biography, or of familiar chit-chat about living authors, than the title of the book and the author's position in the literary world would lead the reader to expect. It is mainly a book of pen-readings, in which are revived rare old ballads from forgotten bards, and choice selections from modern poets and romancers, interspersed with such brief but appreciative and expressive comments as the pen notes in the margin when the mind is full of the inspiration of the page.

Persons, places, incidents receive occasionally a graphic stroke, but the book is written *currente calamo*, and gives us Miss Mitford's favorite passages from favorite authors. American literature occupies a fair proportion of the volume, and receives a due share of approbation in the persons of Whittier, Halleck, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Webster and others. The following eulogium upon Longfellow must satiate even our national vanity:

"Now that this great literary want is supplied in the person of *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, they may glorify themselves to their hearts' content, certain that every lover of poetry, whether born under the red-cross banner of Queen Victoria, or the stripes and stars of the States, will join the general All Hail."

SLAVERY: LETTERS AND SPEECHES BY HORACE MANN. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1852.

We rejoice in the publication of a volume that lifts the great anti-slavery movement of our time out of the arena of newspaper discussion and political strife, into a place in the permanent literature and history of our country. True, the articles embodied in this volume were all occasioned in the first instance by political aspects of the slavery question; but like everything from the pen of Mr. Mann, they are written with classic elegance, seasoned with Attic salt, elaborated with learned references, and argued with a keen and vigorous logic. Together they constitute a volume that must stand as the imperishable testimony of a mind of rare acumen, force and culture, against the institution of American Slavery, a testimony indorsed by the almost unanimous suffrages of one of the most enlightened and influential representative districts in Massachusetts. The volume is appropriately dedicated to the Young Men of Massachusetts, and should be read by every young man who would understand his duties to the Constitution of the Union and to the liberties of his country.

THE WAY TO DO GOOD; By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

This is an enlarged and improved edition of a treatise on practical Christianity that has become a standard among the churches. It is published in a very neat style, with numerous engravings, and makes an attractive volume for the family library. This completes the "Young Christian series," a set of volumes that should be in the hands of every person who is commencing a Christian life.

JUVENILES. We have received from the Messrs. CARTER, of 285 Broadway, the following attractive volumes for the juvenile library.

FAR OFF; OR ASIA AND AUSTRALIA DESCRIBED. With Anecdotes and Illustrations. By the Author of the Peep of Day.

This volume is written with that charming simplicity which has made the Peep of Day a universal favorite with Christian parents and with the teachers of infant classes. Beginning with the Holy Land, it traverses the whole continent of Asia, and then launches forth upon the southern ocean to Australia, gathering up along the way, facts of history, descriptions of places, manners, customs and institutions, missionary anecdotes, &c., all which are prepared and arranged for youthful minds with a fascination equal to that of Gulliver's Travels. The child who reads this book or hears it read, will ever after retain a vivid impression of the scenes of Biblical history and geography, and of the great eastern continent, and feel a deep religious interest in its welfare. No Sabbath-school library should be without it.

THE FOLDED LAMB; OR MEMORIALS OF AN INFANT SON. By his Mother. With a Preface by his Father, the Rev. G. A. Rogers.

A touching memento of divine grace in its earliest manifestations in the infant mind;—full of consolation to bereaved parents, and of encouragement to all that the children of the covenant may be early gathered into the fold.

FRANK NETHERTON; OR THE TALISMAN.

This is an admirable book for boys; it applies the principles of the Bible to their every day sports and studies, and to their companionship with each other. The narrative and the dialogue form are happily blended, and give an air of reality to every scene. The story will be a great help to boys in the formation of character.

The three juvenile volumes above referred to, are issued by R. Carter & Brothers in that neatly embellished style which has rendered so attractive all their recent publications for youth.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH-SCHOOL SOCIETY (*M. W. Dodd*, agent) have republished from the London edition, an excellent little volume on THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA. So useful a book will of course find its way into all Sabbath-school libraries.

The PRESBYTERIAN BOARD (*R. Carter & Brothers* agents) have sent us two interesting volumes for Sabbath-schools, viz., THE EARLY RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF JOHN BARR, and SERMONS TO YOUNG CHILDREN. It strikes us that in the attempt to make its books for children truthful and strictly religious, this Board sometimes makes them too somber and heavy. Children after all need something besides catechisms and sermons, or even those religious biographies in which sickness and death are prominent features.

The AMERICAN-SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION have published the beautiful and instructive allegory of a VISIT TO THE CELESTIAL CITY, by railroad, from the pen of Hawthorne,—a book conveying wholesome religious truth under a fascinating garb; also The RHYMING ALPHABET; or Sarah Bell and Fanny Blake. This little book abounds in illustrations in the best style of the engraver's art, and the skill in rhyming indicates no inexperienced pen in the authorship. Religious truth is here presented in a most winning form.

We must take exception, however, to the unqualified indorsement of *Christmas* as the true birthday of Christ, and as a religious festival taking precedence even of the Sabbath.

"But more than friends and holiday,
And vacant hours of mirth—
Christmas should ever bring to mind
My blest Redeemer's birth.

And while I raise my heart to Him
All other thoughts give way;
The happiest day in all the year—
Is it not Christmas day?"

The committee of publication should remember that only a small minority of Protestant Christendom attach any such historical or sacred interest to the so-called day of CHRIST'S-MASS; and that multitudes of Christian parents would prefer to have their children grow up in blessed ignorance of such a superstition. The fact that the committee have thus espoused the day seems to indicate that they have abandoned all thought of competition with the Massachusetts Society in New England or among the Congregational churches.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This popular monthly has absorbed the *International* by the purchase of its subscription list. The *International* was in some respects a better publication; its literary criticisms were of a higher order—not being confined to complimentary notices of the Messrs. Harper's publications—and its literary intelligence was more *recherché* and complete. In sprightliness, however, and in general elegance, Harpers' was always far ahead of its rival. We hope that now the merits of the two will be combined. *Quere*, is it not time to drop the word "*New*" from the title?

The April number continues the valuable contributions from the Messrs. Abbott, the "*Franconia Stories*" and "*Napoleon Bonaparte*," gives the first installment of "Bleak House," which has already been scattered all over the land, and a great variety of interesting and instructive matter.

EXTRAORDINARY LITERARY FORGERIES.—SHELLEY.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

Three weeks since Mr. MOXON, himself a poet and a man of fine literary taste, published a volume of Shelley's letters, to which ROBERT BROWNING prefixed a finely-written essay. On Saturday last, the *Athenæum* pronounced the letters to be forgeries, gave the evidence, and described the curious accidental manner in which the discovery was made. Tennyson had a copy of the new book: Mr. Palgrave, his visitor, glancing at it saw a letter written by Shelley from Florence, to Godwin, his father-in-law, in London—the historian of the Commonwealth, and author of "Caleb Williams." Mr. Palgrave recognized in this letter part of an article on Florence, written by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave, for the *Quarterly Review*, in 1840. The original letters were produced, handwriting, seals, and postmarks examined. The places and dates corresponded with the residence of Shelley in the Italian towns; but on comparing the postmarks of some letters of Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, from the same city, "Ravenna," the postmark on the Shelley letters was seen to be very different, and evidently a forgery. The literary skill, the precise knowledge, and the care taken in the subordinate parts of the scheme, show a remarkable amount of misapplied power. These letters, and others, had been purchased at large prices. This is not all: for Sir Florence Shelley, the son of Shelley, purchased other letters for suppression! Mr. MOXON has recalled the book. Your correspondent had marked for *The Independent* passages in the essay of Browning prefixed; and this essay has its value wholly apart from the letters. It was said of Lord Byron, by one of his friends, that "had he lived he would have become a Methodist;" not meaning a Wesleyan, but that he would have resorted to the Gospel, as alone capable of healing the wounds of his spirit, and giving him peace. It is strange, and affecting too, to find ROBERT BROWNING now expressing the same belief in respect to Shelley. In a beautiful passage, which is too long to quote entire, occurs the following:

"Gradually he (Shelley) was raised above the contemplation of spots and the attempt at effacing them, to the great Abstract Light, and, through the discrepancy of the creation, to the sufficiency of the First Cause. Gradually he was learning that the best way of removing abuses is to stand fast by truth. Truth is one, as they are manifold; and immeasurable negative effects are produced by the upholding of one positive principle. *Such was what I think,—had Shelley lived he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians:* his very instinct for helping the weaker side (if numbers make strength), his very 'hate of hate,' which at first mistranslated itself into delirious Queen Mab notes and the like, would have yet clear-sighted to concise. The preliminary step to following Christ, is the leaving the dead to bury their dead—not clamoring on His doctrine for an especial solution of difficulties which are referable to the general problem of the universe. Already he had ceased to be a profession of 'a worship to the Spirit of good within, which requires (before it sends that inspiration forth which impresses its likeness upon all it creates) devoted and disinterested homage, *as Coleridge says*,'—and Paul likewise. And we find in one of his last exquisite fragments, avowedly a record of one of his own mornings and its experience, as it dawned on him at his soul and body's best in his boat on the Serchio—that as surely as

"'The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there—
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above, and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Appenine's shroud of summer snow—
Day had awakened all things that be;'

just so surely he tells us (stepping forward from this delicious dance-music, choragus-like, into the grander measure befitting the final enunciation),

"'All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own;
The million rose to learn, and One to teach
What none yet ever knew or can be known.'

"No more difference than this, from David's pregnant conclusion so long ago!

"Meantime, as I call Shelley a moral man, because he was true, simple-hearted, and brave, and because what he acted corresponded to what he knew, so I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine, was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration, and because I find him everywhere taking for granted some of the capital dogmas of Christianity, while most vehemently denying their historical basement."

Shelley, says Browning, "*mistook Churchdom for Christianity.*" It was precisely so. Often, while in the courts of the Oxford College from which he was expelled after having proclaimed himself the antagonist of what presented itself to him as Christianity, have we thought of the hard, cold, mechanical, earthly and selfish thing, which everywhere and exclusively presented itself to that young and ardent mind as "Christianity."

Since then a kindred spirit, though not of so much strength and vehemence, has left that same college and university, and sought in Rome for something more real and true and satisfying than Anglicanism yielded. Knowing nothing of simple New Testament Christianity,—from infancy widely-separated, by class divisions, by exclusive public schools, by all the arrangements and powerful conventional laws of society,—ignorant to an incredible degree of simpler ecclesiastical forms, and of the Christian law of Church association, the academical and aristocratic youth of England, if the mind is stirred and the religious principle awakened, are shut up either to infidelity or Romanism. Shelley and Faber, now Father Wilfred, are types of the divergencies. The new Romanism, which is pervading the established Church of England, and passing from it into the Colonies and the Episcopal Church in the United States, is but a modified development of one of these influences.

AGRICOLA.

For the Independent.

"SUNNY SIDE" ONCE MORE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Allow me to say that the wishes recently expressed in your columns for a book still further illustrative of ministerial life are likely to be gratified.

Some two years ago I was allowed the privilege of peeping into a friend's portfolio, which contained copious memoranda for a work like this. Since that time the materials have been gradually accumulating and taking form. The idea is simply to gather some of the painful experiences with which life in a country parsonage abounds, and weave them together in a continuous narrative. Before the appearance of "Sunny Side" this project was freely talked of within a small circle of intimate friends. Of late it is with some hesitation that the writer confesses the progress of the work. However, we have learned that it is going on as rapidly as the many cares and limited leisure of *the pastor's wife* permit.

So those who are interested in the matter may hope yet to see in print "The Shady Side," which shall enter more deeply and at length into the peculiar heart-trials of the minister and his family.

Interesting as is the picture already drawn, it passes over, in our view, not only the *deepest shadows*, but the *brightest sunlight* with which the reality is checkered.

L. L.

For the Independent.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I like very much the remarks and suggestions of "Aaron" in your last number concerning "Sunny Side, &c." While reading that charming little book and comparing it with my own brief pastoral experience, I was reminded of the same thing—"it is too good," *i.e.*, "it turns out too well." As suggested, it might not be amiss for some one who has a fund of experience concerning the joys and sorrows, the *trials* and *tribulations* of a "country minister's life," to give us another *little gem of a book* containing a real picture, both of the "sunny" and cloudy side.

One thought more. "Aaron" is confident that among the "hill country of New England" may *now* be found "daughters trained by judicious mothers after the fashion of our good old grandmothers fifty years ago; *some of whom are now the light of a minister's home, and others probably would be if requested.*" He has more faith on this subject than "*Phebe*" or *myself either*; and I am glad for the sake of many young brethren entering the ministry if he can tell how to make his faith *practical*. Dr. Cox once said to a class of theological students that he meant to write an article on this subject, but I believe the Dr. has never done it.

I would suggest that "Aaron," if he cannot write the sequel to the "Sunny Side," will give us, through the columns of *The Independent*, his views more at length on this practical subject.

ELEAZER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *March* 22, 1852.

For the Independent.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."*

Some the magician play for paltry hire,
And some God's gift of genius dedicate
To thrilling tales that melt and enervate,—
And some will picture, with a pen of fire,
Passion, and pleasure, and unbridled desire,
And mighty lo to blast, and not to bless,
To weave the witchery of wickedness.

HAIL! FICTION'S BETTER MISTRESS! skilled to trace
The piteous woes that o'er "THE LOWLY" roll,
Oppression's murderous work upon the soul,
The good that can in misery deathless be,
Truth, natural wit, and love and piety,—
Most skilled to hold with equal nerve and grace
The damning mirror up to SLAVERY'S Ethiop face.

MATHER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hungarian Heroine.

On the night of the 2d of December, 1848, when all communication between Hungary and Austria had ceased, large armies on either side guarding their respective frontiers, the author was seated in the office of the Legation of the United States at Vienna, when his servant introduced a young female, who desired, as she said, to see him at once upon urgent business. She was a most beautiful and graceful creature, and though attired in the dress of a peasant, the grace and elegance of her manner, the fluency and correctness of her French, at once denoted that she was nearer a princess than a peasant. She sat and conversed for some time before she ventured to communicate the object of her visit. As soon as the author perceived that in the exercise of the utmost caution she could not fully convince herself that she was not in error as to the individual she sought, he told her that, upon the honor of a gentleman, she might rest assured that the individual she saw before her was the diplomatic agent of the United States, at the Court of Vienna. Upon that assurance, she immediately said, "Then, sir, I am the bearer of a communication to you." She then asked, in the most earnest manner, in whom she was to rely, who can go with me into the street for a few moments?" The author replied that he had no servant in whom he could rely, that he feared they were all in the pay of the police, but that he had a private secretary, in whom he reposed confidence, and who could accompany her. The secretary was immediately called: they descended together into the street, and in a few moments returned, bearing with them the rack of a wagon. This rack, which is a fixture attached either to the fore or back part of a peasant's wagon, and intended to hold hay for the horses during a journey, was composed of small slats, about two inches wide, and about the eighth of an inch thick, crossing each other at short distances, and constituting a semi-circular net-work. As all these slats, wherever they crossed, were fastened together with either wooden or iron bolts, with our unskillful hands, an hour nearly was consumed before we could get the rack in pieces. When this was accomplished we saw nothing before us but a pile of slats; but the fair courier, taking them up, one by one, and examining them very minutely, at length selected a piece, exclaiming, "This is it!" The slat selected, resembled the others so completely, that the most rigid observer, unapprised of the fact, could not have detected the slightest difference between them: but, by the aid of a penknife, to separate its parts, this slat was found to be composed of two pieces, hollowed out in the middle, and affording space enough to hold a folded letter. In this space had been conveyed, with a secrecy which enabled it to pass the severe scrutiny of the Austrian sentinels, the communication addressed to the author by Louis Kossuth.

The mysterious personage, as intrepid as she was fair, who undertook the conveyance of this dispatch, at night, alone and unprotected, in an open peasant's wagon, in a dreadful snow-storm, through the midst of the Austrian army, when detection would have been certain death, was (as M. Pulszky has just informed the author) then a single lady, has since married, and is now the Countess M.

The statement, therefore, of a person assuming the title and name of Baroness Beck, and who, in a work upon the Hungarian war, published in England about two years ago, claimed for herself the credit of having been the bearer of the dispatch referred to, is altogether without foundation. This authoress, whose character, as well as untimely and remarkable death, was involved in so much mystery, and excited for a time so much discussion in Europe, was (as M. Pulszky represents) the servant of the Countess M., and thus became possessed of a knowledge of the incident above detailed.—*Stiles's Austria and the Austrians* in 1848–'9.

Discovery of New Farms.

Lawyers have known for a long time, that a landholder owned ever so far down below the surface. But farmers never have seemed to suspect, that their deeds gave them any right to more than about six inches of the surface. Nobody hardly has thought of looking deeper than that, except the diggers of gold and water. We have all heard of the classics being covered all over by the proxy homilies of the monks of the Middle Ages; in consequence of which generations have been content with the comparatively worthless surface parchments in ignorance of the rich deposit beneath. Our agriculturists have had a similar experience, till now, when the sub-soil plow is revealing to them treasures, before unknown. Discoveries in the earth are keeping pace now with those of the sky, and a new earth is opened to the cultivator as a new heaven is to the astronomer. The following conversation at the Farmer's Club, cut from the *New Yorker*, brings some intimation of the news:

DR. UNDERHILL.—I omitted speaking of another great source of phosphate of lime, and that is one which some few farmers have hit upon. I mean that part of the farm which lies six inches deep under the farm. There, since the deluge, lies undisturbed the fertilizer, usually hard. Roots of the grains and annuals cannot penetrate it. There it is and has been accumulating for thousands of years, insoluble, except when roots apply themselves to it. Not one farmer in ten ever plows deeper than five inches. The roots cannot get at the mine below—it is too hard. He cannot afford to buy guano or bone, but he can afford a subsoil plow. Let him go down 15 inches into his good farm below, and he may have a new farm good for fifteen years to come. I never thought until this year that my loose, sandy, gravelly land wanted subsoiling! It is so very loose, that I almost wade in it. But, nevertheless, this year I have subsoiled 12 to 14 inches deep, and my corn on that tillage has given me a *double crop*. I found the bottom of my very loose top soil hard packed; the animal plants could not put their roots through it. My double crop has succeeded in spite of a *pretty severe drought*. I have for many years always plowed to the depth of from *eight to ten inches*, but this season I have resorted to *the farm which lies under mine*, successfully.

DR. CHURCH.—Is it necessary to sub-soil every year?

DR. UNDERHILL.—I think not: but I mean to subsoil every acre I cultivate at all. It operates, also, as a drainer. It also receives the fertilizer from the atmosphere. *The first store of nutrients is our earth, the second one is our atmosphere.* That from the latter enters the earth by means of dew and rains—by dew even in times of drought—when a deep-tilled soil can take it in, while a shallow one cannot. Up to this day the shallow work prevails. *Nineteen out of twenty farms are so abused.* A farmer who can neither buy books nor attend Farmers' Clubs can nevertheless plow deep. Let him try it, and if he fails, let him come to this Club and tell us so!

The Old Philosopher's Advice to a Young One,

WHO WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK HIS MIND ON A GREAT QUESTION.

Shame upon thee, craven spirit!
Is it manly, just, or brave,
If a truth have shone within thee,
To conceal the light it gave?
Every word that goes to mortal,
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted,
Pioneers of things to come,
Had, like thee, been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselves, and dumb—
Where would be our present knowledge—
Where, the hoped Millennium?

Where would be triumphant Science
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite creation
For soul that prizes—
Soul of Beauty, soul of Goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies!

Where would be all great Inventions,
Each from by-gone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy and scorn?
How could noon-time ever light us,
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion—
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires, like thee mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down, for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death—
What is Life, compared with Virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen! trembler, what it saith!

It demands thy thought in Justice,
Debt, not tribute of the free;
Have not ages long departed
Groaned, and toiled, and bled for thee?
If the Past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to Futurity.

[*Charles Mackay.*

An Estimate of Louis Napoleon.

The mind that could carry on the business of Napoleon so far, and to such good purpose that Napoleon himself could not have done it better, is not likely to stop short here. Louis Napoleon is master, meanwhile, of both worlds—the spirit and not the temporal. The Pope is in his power, and so he possesses an excellent guarantee for the services and the good behavior of the priests. The sovereigns of continental Europe are in a sense in his power also. Should they offend, how easy would it be for this modern Æolus to punish them by letting the winds of revolution out of their cave. They cannot have yet forgotten the short sermon he so recently read them, and which was to this effect, that they had the alternative of himself as Emperor, or Socialism. It is a strange power which circumstances have given him over Europe; yet such is the fact. Like a fiery comet amid the stars, he has blazed suddenly forth in regal splendor in the firmament of France; and perplexed monarchs, as they mark his astounding course, are uncertain whether to hail or to deplore his appearance, and stand alike prepared to find in him an ally or a foe. Nothing is so likely, then, as that the work of the uncle, so suddenly and violently interrupted by the defeat at Waterloo, is to be recommenced by the nephew.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

The Good Wife's Pint of Ale.

In the course of a lecture lately delivered in Liverpool, Rev. J. B. Owen, a clergyman of the Established Church, related an anecdote which has taken our fancy amazingly. We give the substance of the story because it is of "special interest to ladies." A journeyman printer of Manchester, who was ratherly addicted to the ale house, was persuaded by his wife, on his weddingday, to allow *her* two half pints of beer *per diem*. He winced under the bargain, for, like all drinkers, he preferred a sober wife. They both worked hard, but he was seldom out of the beer-house when he was not at his shop. The wife saw little of her husband except at breakfast. She was a thrifty housekeeper, and never complained of her stinted allowance: so he was satisfied with *her*, and she was taught, by a natural good sense, that it would be worse than useless to complain of *him*. She continued to draw the money for her daily pint, and he continued to guzzle his daily three quarts, without altercation. They had been married a year. On the morning of the first anniversary of their wedding-day, the husband looked askance at his wife with some shade of remorse, and said, "I'n't had no holiday sin we were wed, and only think I haven't a penny in the world, we'd jaunt to the village to see thee mother." "Would you like to go, John?" asked she, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak so kindly: "if you'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with a sneer; "hast gotten a fortune, wench?" "Nay," replied she, "but I've gotten the pint of ale." "Gotten what?" shouted John. "The pint of ale," was the reply. John did not understand the faithful creature until she reached down a stocking from under a loose brick in the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale, in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five pence (nearly twenty dollars), and put it into his hand, exclaiming, "Thee shall have the holiday, John." John was delighted, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. "Hasn't thee had thy share?" he said; "then I'll touch the pot no more." They spent their wedding-day at the village, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, ware-rooms, country-seat, carriage, and civic honors.—*Home Journal.*

THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.—This wonderful building, which for magnitude can only be compared to the pyramids of Egypt, and which is perhaps the most striking monument at once of the material greatness and the moral degradation of Rome under the Empire, was commenced by Vespasian, but at what time is uncertain, the date assigned by Lepsius, A. D. 77, being more than doubtful, and completed by Titus, who dedicated it A. D. 80, when were slaughtered 5,000 animals of different kinds. There is an ecclesiastical tradition, but not entitled to much credit, that the architect of the Colosseum was a Christian, and afterwards a martyr, named Gaudentius, and that thousands of the captive Jews were employed on it. In the reign of Macrinus, on the day of the Vulcanalia, it was struck by lightning, by which the upper rows of benches were consumed, and so much damage done to other parts of the structure that the Games were for some years celebrated in the Stadium. Its restoration was commenced by Elagabalus, and completed by Alexander Severus. It was again struck by lightning in the reign of Decius, but was soon restored, and the games continued to be celebrated in it down to the sixth century; the latest recorded exhibition of wild beasts being in the reign of Theodoric. Since that time it has been used sometimes in war as a fortress, and in peace as a quarry, whole palaces, such as the Cancellaria and the Palazzo Farnese, having been built out of its spoils.—*The Builder.*

* The *National Era*. "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe."

The Rumseller's Debt.

Give that mother back her son as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and, in the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a weeping mother leaning on his arm. Give that grieved man back his brother, as innocent and happy as in that day when the boys, twined in each other's arms, returned from school, bent over the same Bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother would blush for brother. Give the sorrowful maiden, who, in all the fondness of a gushing affection, has bestowed her heart's best jewel upon one whom the fatal 'cup' has degraded and rendered unworthy of the gift, the treasure of love which she plighted—but read, in the tearful countenance, the lines of suffering and of pain, caused by the reckless conduct of him whom Intemperance has robbed of every generous impulse. Give this weeping wife who sits before us, wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jeweled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn upon her brow—give her back the man she loved such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on the nuptial day; and receiving her from a fond father's hand, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form bends with sorrow to the ground. Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days whose wrecks now lie on the wreck-strewn shore. Give me back, as a minister, the brethren I have seen dragged from the pulpits which they adorned, and driven from the sweet mansions where we have closed the happy evening with praise and prayer, to stand pale and haggard at a public bar. Give me back, as the pastor, the lambs which I have lost—give me her who, in the days of her unsullied innocence, waited on our ministry to be told the way to heaven, and was led from that to hell, and whose unblushing forehead we now shrink to see as she prowls through the streets for her prey. Give me back the life of this youth who died the drunkard's death—and dread his doom—and who now, while his mother by the body, rocks in speechless agony, is laid out in a chamber where we are left to weep with those who weep 'dumb,' opening not the mouth. Relieve our fears for the character and souls of some who hold parley with the devil by his forbidden tree, and are floating on the edge of that great Gulf Stream which sweeps its victim onward to meet the most woeful ruin.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

The Great Remedy.

Mrs. Tracy, in one of her letters to the *Saturday Visitor*, dated Feb. 17, says:—

"I am pained with all the wrongs that humanity suffers, both at home and abroad, but my faith embraces a scheme of redemption that will ultimately break every chain, and bid every oppressed heart rejoice in the liberty which results from true obedience to heavenly law.

"The turning of the hearts of the parents to the children is one of the indications of the times which bring hope to even a desponding soul. I have alluded to the temperance question here, to the great need of it among women for the preservation of their children. Perhaps the surest indication that the time is at hand, is to be found in the 'Bands of Hope' now forming all over the kingdom. Yesterday the children had a great Exeter Hall meeting. Never before since England was a nation has there been such a glorious gathering in London as that. The meeting was announced for a quarter past four P. M. In company with a few friends from Camden town and Kentish town, I walked down to the Strand as the children from these towns were marshaled along by the Temperance Sabbath-school teachers. They were a great portion of them, evidently children of toil. They carried banners, and altogether seemed filled with as much enthusiasm as though they were soldiers. Occasionally they sent up a long and loud 'hurrah,' that was often responded to by the passers by. After walking about a mile, they were joined by the Saint Pancras band, and I am sure the old saints never before had such honor done to his name as now, when so many young children came forth, pledged to total abstinence. Then went up the mingled shout that made the very skies reverberate. When we reached Exeter Hall the crowd had already become immense, and the tide kept pouring in for more than an hour. The platform was appropriated to visitors, but the body of the hall was all reserved for the children, as well as the gallery on the side opposite the platform. The hall was packed to suffocation, and then a large lower hall was taken, and it also filled. But even this did not near suffice, and hundreds, if not thousands, were compelled to return without admittance.

Who Regulates the Church Clock?

A rather important question is this, at some very important seasons. Did you not, dear reader, observe several of your friends come into public worship last Lord's day morning, some time after service had begun, look round at the clock, and then take their seats with a look saying as plainly as looks can say, "Who set that clock ten minutes too fast?"

When you met one evening last week in a committee, two or three of its members were late: and did they not state, as the reason of it, that the church clock was never regular, and that some one ought to manage it? Who is the regulator of the church clock, like the poor maiden who had the management of the weather in Johnson's Rasselas, has a vast responsibility, and can give satisfaction to but very few. He must be content with the consciousness that he is a servant of the public, and that he does his best to serve them faithfully.

Would it not be as well if we looked at the clock a little oftener, if we found a little less fault with it, and if we regulated our movements more in accordance with it? Would not punctuality add to our comfort, save much valuable time to ourselves and to others, and furnish an example to our friends, especially to young persons, worthy of their imitation? It is indeed sad that our conduct in reference to the clock only indicates the general tendency to find fault with almost every one but ourselves. Let us learn wisdom from old Berridge's clock, on which he placed these lines:

"Here my master bids me stand,
To show the time with faithful hand;
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hour by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn of me,
To serve thy God, as I serve thee."

Christian Reflector.

Maxims of Industry.

He that teaches not his son a trade, is as if he taught him to be a thief.—*Rabbi Judah.*

He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Probably the man who deserves the most of pity is he who is most idle; for as there are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen, there are certainly miseries in idleness which only the idle can conceive.—*Todd.*

He who is most industrious has really the most leisure; for his time is marked out into distinct portions, to each of which something is assigned; and when the thing is done, the man is at leisure; but a dead calm settles over him who lives an idle life.—*Ibid.*

A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with a thousand.—*A Turkish proverb.*

Men are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil.—*A Spanish proverb.*

How much corrupting company, how many temptations to do wrong, how many seasons of danger to your character, and to the peace of your friends, would you escape, by forming the habit of being decidedly industrious every day!—*Todd.*

Surmise with Charity.

A kind-hearted lady was once reproved quite sharply by her friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he asked for charity in the streets of Boston. 'Suppose he spends that money for rum?' said the censorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble answer was, 'If you must "*suppose*" at all, why not "*suppose*" that he will spend the money for bread?' Why suppose what is *evil* about one of whom you are at liberty to suppose what is *good* and *noble*? That lady had the *true Christian* spirit.

ACCUSTOM a child, as soon as it can speak, to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction; and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures. This is the ground-work of a thoughtful character.

A QUARRELSOME MAN.—Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

PRAYER.—Robert Hall said of family prayer, "it serves as an edge and border, to prevent the web of life from unraveling."

Aphorisms of Cromwell.

Subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will.

Nothing must make a man's conscience a servant.

Is it ingenuous to ask liberty and not give it? Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it.

In things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of right and reason.

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

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